De Gaulle and Vietnam *Jean Lacouture*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

March 12, 1966, 35 cents

The Philippines

Alex Campbell

How To Keep Segregation

John Osborne

Left and Right Meet

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March 1966

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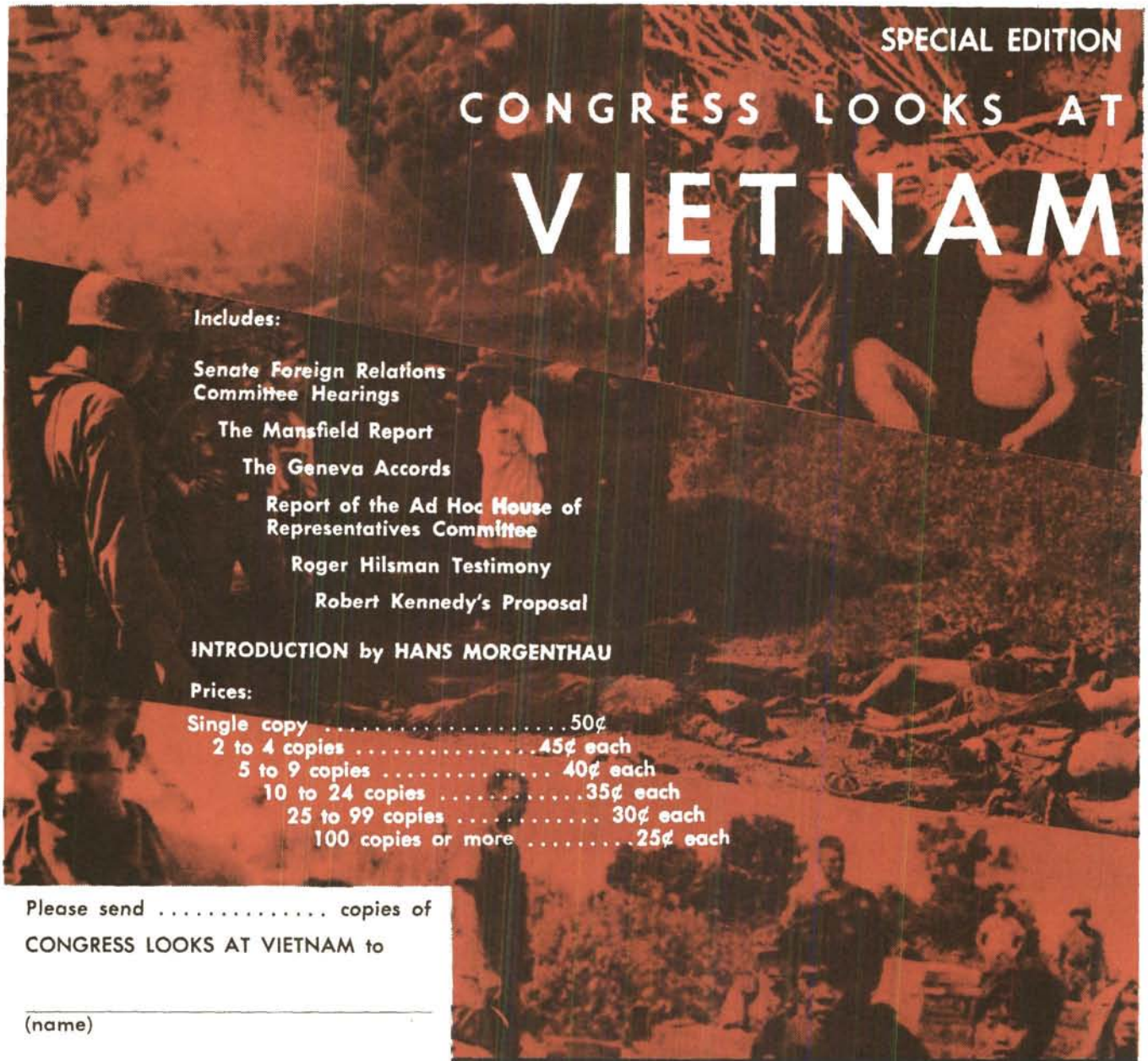
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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Republican Recovery

★ The election is eight months off but it already shows signs of being particularly nasty. We doubt if liberal or labor groups realize what danger they are in; if they did they would begin to prepare now. They are going to lose seats, we think; the question is whether it will be a defeat or a disaster.

Let's take the statistical approach first. The "outs" normally gain House seats at midterm. The bigger their defeat at the preceding presidential election the bigger their bounce-back two years later. (The one exception in 50 years was in 1934 when the GOP kept right on losing.) The reason is obvious. A popular President carries marginal congressmen on his coat tails. Two years later the President isn't running, voting falls off and local issues tend to prevail. Things go back to normal.

In the last seven midterm elections – 1938 to 1962, inclusive – the opposition party gained seats each time, the average being a fraction over 40. The biggest presidential landslide in that period was Roosevelt's victory over Landon in 1936. The corresponding Republican bounce-back in 1938 – 80 seats – was punctually predictable. It was larger than any of the others and may not be repeated soon. Democrats won House seats in the midterm elections after the two Eisenhower victories. The Kennedy-Nixon contest was, of course, very close; predictably enough, the Republican bounce-back two years later was also small, only four House seats.

This makes a gloomy statistical handicap for the Democrats this fall. The Johnson defeat of Goldwater was one of the most overwhelming in history. Under the elastic nature of US politics, if old rules hold true, Republicans this year will make a corresponding recovery. Two years after Harding beat Cox, for example, the Democrats won back some 75 House seats. As a minimum the GOP should recover this fall the 40 seats of the average bounce-back. In fact, if the Republicans don't recover 40 seats you can put it down as a statistical licking.

The political analyst Louis H. Bean has found a correlation between the business cycle and the bounce-back; if times are good it helps the In party. We are on the high tide of prosperity now, which should aid Democrats. There is also a new, unpredictable factor – the reapportionment of House seats. Although this redistribution isn't complete, it might possibly help the Democrats. How far these factors might change the normal rules nobody can say.

The people who will be hurt most by a GOP victory will be the liberals. Freshman Democrats are nearly all liberals, and 41 of their seats are listed as doubtful. A really strong Republican trend could ruin them. These 1964 liberals largely replaced die-hard GOP reactionaries. It is particularly ironic that the AFL-CIO leaders at Miami hint that they may sit out this fall's election; the congressmen whom they would chiefly damage are the ones who have voted most consistently for social-welfare legislation and labor goals.

Playing on the War

★ So much for statistics. Now we come to the big intangible: Vietnam. Democrats are going to have to carry the burden of Vietnam. Republicans will wring the last drop of partisan advantage out of the issue, we believe, all the time slapping their chests with appeals to keep the war out of politics.

We are no stranger to hypocrisy in politics. We suppose the Democrats might do the same thing, though, come to think of it, Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson did do the decent thing for President Eisenhower on foreign policy. But judging by the way things are starting here, the equivalent of the Nixon cry of "Communism, Corruption and Korea" is going to echo all over the land.

We went to a press conference last week of the House Republican Policy Committee in which leaders positively drooled at the prospect ahead. "The deep division within the Democratic Party over American policy in Vietnam is prolonging the war, undermining the morale of our fighting men and encouraging the Communist aggressor," intoned chairman John J. Rhodes (R, Ariz.). Jerry Ford and Melvin Laird held up their hands in horror at the Democratic dissenters, conveniently forgetting GOP Senators Aiken, Javits and so on. Representative Ford twice referred to Mr. Johnson and "his war."

As GOP leaders see it, this is a nearly sure-fire, foolproof issue: they are neither doves nor hawks, they just denounce Democratic "division." If the war goes badly it's the Democrats' fault; if negotiations begin, then it's appeasement. We sadly believe that an escalated war will be a deadlock; we fear that it will bring a national period of backbiting and vituperation. Signs of it, in fact, are already beginning to appear among our more patriotic and volatile columnists.

The pious self-righteousness of Republicans about Vietnam is a bit trying for those genuinely anguished by the meat-grinder escalation (235,000 US troops committed as of last week). What's the GOP alternative? – just to sit on the lintel like posed ravens and croak, "I told you so," whatever happens?

Mr. Johnson has a two-to-one present majority in both Houses. He is bound to hold the Senate this fall, and he would have to lose 77 seats to give the Republicans control of the House. We see little chance of that. But that really isn't the issue. The Democratic freshman class of 1964 is in grave danger. Furthermore, most of the great social measures of last year would have been crippled or defeated by the loss of 25-30 liberal Democrats. This includes Medicare and the war on poverty. The housing bill squeaked through one test by only six votes; the bill to repeal Section 14(b) of Taft-Hartley by a bare 18 votes.

If Republicans gain a minimum 40 seats this fall (as we confidently expect) they will team up with Dixiecrats. And then? Spectacular Great Society legislation will be rare indeed for the next two years.

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Four-Year Term

"Amending the Constitution is a step to be taken only when the need is compelling and when other alternatives are not open." So Attorney General Katzenbach told the House Committee on the Judiciary in the course of his testimony supporting President Johnson's proposal that the Constitution be amended to increase the term of members of the House of Representatives from two to four years. But the quoted sentence is a remarkably concise and sufficient refutation of the Attorney General's case for amendment. The asserted need is not compelling. To the extent that there is a need, other and better alternatives are open to the Congress.

The asserted need is to free members of the House of reelection worries at midterm so that they will have a greater opportunity to learn both the substance of issues and the ways of the House, thus becoming more useful congressmen and making the House itself a more effective institution. Mr. Katzenbach stresses also the financial burden of repeated campaigns, which are becoming nearly insupportable. It is an acute problem, but irrelevant.

Everyone would like to have better informed, more effective congressmen. Even in the Senate, however, the experience has not been that members begin to shine during their first four years in office. And if many senators are more effective sooner than many members of the House, the essential cause is to be found not in the different length of terms, but in the natures and procedures of the two institutions. The House is what it is because it is large, because it is at once fragmented and unified by very powerful leadership, and because – in consequence of the first two factors – it is, as a whole, scarcely a deliberative body, and certainly no debating forum. And so it submerges its back-benchers, and would do it if they had a four-year term as well.

The House, moreover, does not really represent the American people in their nationhood; it mirrors rather our people's variety, their disparate interests and groupings. This nature of the institution, which is decisive of the kind of function it can perform, follows not from the length of term of its members, but from the character of their constituencies. We have a powerful President who answers to a national constituency, and a Senate which has increasingly come to do so. In a federal union of this size and diversity, it is a good thing that one institution of our government should represent and stress our differences and varieties, on which the common interest should not be simply imposed, but from which it must be fashioned. There are

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those who wish it were otherwise, and who give voice to a recurrent hankering for the British system, in which the legislature and the executive are one. Such a system might work with us for a while, but it would never satisfy in the long run.

Members of the House now suffer under certain disabilities, for which the four-year term is hardly the cure. If the average congressman has become too much of an errand boy for his constituency, then he should be given much more staff. As for the problem of campaign expenditures, it is a general one, affecting not only the House, and can be dealt with in other ways.

The two-year term, on the other hand, does have advantages. It enables a President to come in, if he has that sort of strength, with the House and some portion of one-third of the Senate committed to his program. But it then allows for electoral expression after two years of office. One need not overestimate the importance of elections as a means of controlling government in order to favor the opportunity for a midterm review. Moreover, it is at this midterm election that the House becomes most plainly what it is, and what in our judgment it should be – namely, the register of the varieties and contrarieties of hundreds of districts.

More than once in our history – 1910, 1930, 1958 – the midterm election has provided a preview of the shift in power that the presidential election of two years later would confirm. Thus the people are given an opportunity to test the readiness of the opposition for power, and the opposition is given the opportunity to prepare the way, and ready itself, for its assumption of power. That this is not just a mythical construct imposed on the accidents of history was demonstrated in 1946, when the Republicans won the midterm election, failed to perform to the satisfaction of important groups in the society, and instead of preparing their own way to power, enabled Harry Truman to win against them. The episode demonstrates that the electorate took a chance on the opposition, and then had the chance to express a second thought.

We shall know before too long how much weight the Congress gives such reservations as those expressed here. The House Judiciary Committee last week concluded its hearings on the matter; in the Senate a subcommittee of Judiciary chaired by Birch Bayh (D, Ind.) is moving toward consideration of the four-year term, as soon as it has disposed of another constitutional question – reform of the electoral college. In the forthcoming deliberations, the Congress will doubtless examine with some skepticism the Attorney General's argument that, after all, whatever function the midterm elections used to perform in a more primitive society, polls now perform, at least in part, as well or better. We just mentioned Harry Truman and 1948. Enough said.

Pollution and Politics

The President's message on water pollution poses some questions. He would move the new Water Pollution Control Administration, set up last year to direct the federal effort, from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare to the Department of the Interior. (This will be done within 60 days unless Congress objects.) Under provisions of a new bill, states lying within a river basin would be encouraged to join together in regional compacts that would lay out comprehensive water resource plans and then administer pollution abatement schemes. If the compact plans meet certain federal criteria, one-third of the cost of pollution clean-up would be underwritten by Washington.

Federal officials would be empowered to initiate action to abate pollution on any navigable body of water. (Now they are restricted to cases where pollution is interstate or where the governor of a state asks for help.) The government could take polluters directly to court without first calling a fact-finding conference and a public hearing. Thus, if the administration had information to indicate pesticides were running off river banks into the water where they killed fish, it could go into court to seek a temporary injunction banning use of the pesticides along that river until further investigation could pin down exact causes and correct them.

The President's message got a chilly reception from Democrats who wrote the recent pollution reform legislation. They point out that the main barrier to speeding the clean-up of polluted waters is lack of federal money: the President proposes to increase the federal portion next year from $150 million to only $200 million. The creation of workable river basin compacts is a tricky business. These compacts must originate with the state legislatures which have been notoriously receptive to the blandishments of industry; the whole struggle has been to get the federal program free of states' grasp and under the direction of a forceful administrator in the federal government. Instead of naming a strong, independent commissioner of the new water pollution administration, however, the President appointed James Quigley, who was an assistant secretary at HEW in charge of water pollution in the do-nothing days of Secretary Celebrezze.

No one doubts the extraordinary success of the Secretary of the Interior in conservation, but there is some hesitation in the Congress to transferring a new agency, barely on its feet and directed by a weak sister, into a department that includes the Bureau of Mines and the Bureau of Reclamation, neither of which is known for its interest in cleaning up the water. All these fears will be unfounded if Mr. Udall takes a firm hand. But he will need to be very specific in telling the Congress what he means to do with the water pollution agency.

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Old Hubert

Some of Hubert Humphrey's old friends are down on him. They appreciate that he is not in charge of foreign policy, can express no view publicly other than the President's, and that his current job denies him the independence even of a senator. Still, they ask, must he so overplay the part of cheerleader for the war in Vietnam? The answer is yes. Hubert Humphrey has never had it in him to be just a "good soldier"; he is by nature a recruiting sergeant. It is inevitable that our overcommitment in Vietnam should be matched by Humphrey's overcommitment to the overcommitment. To expect him to moderate his enthusiasm is to expect sobriety from an alcoholic.

After listening last week to an off-the-record talk by the Vice President on Vietnam, a Democratic politician who has long admired Mr. Humphrey complained that all he got was a string of clichés, and very aggressive ones at that. It wasn't, the politician admitted, the clichés that bothered him, he was used to them; it was that for the first time he disagreed with Humphrey's clichés. There are many admirers of the Vice President who share that disagreement, including the editors of this journal. Mr. Humphrey's new fervor for a kind of export-ADA – Asians for Democratic Action – is compassionate in intent, but unsophisticated and excessively optimistic. His dismissal of Robert Kennedy's view that the Viet Cong are there and must be taken account of in any future plans for governing South Vietnam is shortsighted. Likewise, and partly perhaps because of his own Minnesota struggle against the Communists in the '40's, the Vice President surrenders too easily all hope for peaceful coexistence with the Viet Cong.

Yet it would be wrong to classify Mr. Humphrey as an unwilling conscript or as merely a press agent for the boss. He, and a very large majority of the politicians in both parties, honestly believe they are applying the lessons learned from 20 years of Cold War. Only events, not arguments, can rescue them and us from the prison of the past.

Whose History?

There are now, US officials say, between 10,000 and 20,000 regular troops of the North Vietnamese army in South Vietnam. When did they arrive, and would they have been sent if there had not been a rapid US military buildup in the South and US bombing of the North? Any answer to that question has to be highly speculative; the more so since the sequence of events in Vietnam is not always clear.

Thus, the Secretary of State tells the Fulbright Committee on February 18 that: "It was in November, December, January, over the turn of the year 1964-65, that North Vietnam moved the 325th Division of the regular North Vietnamese army from North Vietnam to South Vietnam to up the ante here. That was before the bombing started. That wasn't in response to an escalation by the United States."

Mr. Rusk's chronology is quite significant. For he places this Northern force in the South prior to February 7, 1965 (when the US bombing began), and prior to a declaration by six of the eight members of SEATO (May 5, 1965) expressing "grave concern" at the aggression "organized, directed, supplied and supported by the Communist regime in North Vietnam."

But a check of a multitude of official statements made between November, 1964 and the end of January, 1965 turns up no mention at all of the presence at that time of the troops to which Mr. Rusk refers. Indeed, according to the Pentagon, the first reference to the 325th Division's being in the South was on July 16, 1965. On that date the Military Assistance Command (Vietnam) "identified the 18th, the 95th and the 101st regiments of the 325th Division of the North Vietnamese regular army." The only further mention of the 325th came three weeks after, August 5, 1965, when a Saigon military intelligence report said the 325th had moved its headquarters to Cambodia.

How shall we interpret Secretary Rusk's testimony? Did US intelligence not know until six or seven months later that this Division had come South "over the turn of the year," or did it know but choose to withhold the information? In either case, why?

Suit Against the Unions

St. Louis, Missouri

St. Louis' national monument to the courage of the westward pioneers, a 630-foot steel Gateway Arch, is snarled in an ugly labor dispute which itself may become a landmark. When a Negro plumbing contractor and his two helpers showed up on January 17 for work on the Visitors' Center beneath the Arch, the St. Louis Building and Construction Trades Council, an AFL-CIO affiliate, called its members off the job. The Council said the walkout was solely in protest against the hiring of non-AFL-CIO plumbers.

The Department of Labor thought otherwise and made a bold move. It referred to the Department of Justice the complaint that the St. Louis Building and Construction Trades Council was preventing a contractor on the national monument from complying with the nondiscrimination clause of his contract. Justice thereupon filed suit in United States district court against the Council and five of its member unions. It was the first such attempt to enforce the nondiscrimination

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clause required in federal contracts, and the first "pattern and practice" suit filed under the equal job opportunity provisions of the 1964 Civil Rights Act.

Although St. Louisans have sweated through more than 30 years of delays to build the Gateway Arch on the Mississippi riverfront, the city's integration leaders have been unmoved by appeals to civic pride. "An incompleted monument would be preferable to one which is completed as a witness to the perfidy and avarice of a monopolistic union leadership," said the Rev. Robert Mayo, an Episcopal integration leader.

The case is not quite that simple. Organized labor which lobbied hard to get the fair employment section into civil rights law, felt that the first suit should have been directed at a "more clear-cut case" of racial bias. The St. Louis Building and Construction Trades Council maintains that its members walked off the job not because of prejudice, but because the Negro workers belong to the Congress of Independent Unions, which, according to the president of the Council, accepts "substandard wages," does not respect craft lines and is "employer dominated." But, as one newspaper here asked, what alternative have Negro workers had? The AFL-CIO metal workers' union in St. Louis has 1,250 members, of whom only two apprentices are Negroes; the plumbers have 1,200 members and 102 apprentices, none of whom is a Negro; the electrical workers have 1,963 members, one of whom is a Negro.

The Council alleges that the federal government forced the contractor to hire Negro workers in order to get the job. Robert F. Hoel, president of the Hoel-Steffen Construction Co., which has a $1 million contract on the Arch Visitors' Center, said in a deposition that the Interior Department did insist that he hire the Negro plumbing company on a cost plus 10 percent basis rather than accept a low bid from another company. From this the Council concludes that the government is "guilty of a most discriminatory act itself."

Nevertheless, federal pressure already has had some effect. Pipefitters Local 562, one of the unions named in the suit, recently hired 10 Negroes on a special "crash program" for on-the-job training at regular wages. Breaking with their history, they also announced a new "open to all citizens" apprentice program. The ice may be cracking. But a Missouri Teamsters Union official sizes up the problem when he says: "The official with the audacity to lead the fight for Negro membership in the craft unions may be putting his job on the line. It is not an easy risk to take. This is, of course, a sad commentary on the state of a society in which racial prejudice is so deeply ingrained. [But] it is hardly an excuse that will be bought by Negro leadership."

EARL C. GOTTSCHALK

MR. GOTTSCHALK *is a* St. Louis Post-Dispatch *reporter.*

Making the Best Use Of the Police Force

"We believe," says the report of a Law Enforcement Task Force appointed by Mayor Lindsay of New York, "that there would be general concurrence with the following findings: The incidence of crime is on the rise in this city as well as in most cities. There is a public apprehension with respect to personal safety and the safety of property. There is racial tension, and this tension in part centers upon community relations with the police."

Concurrence with these bleak findings is general, no question about it. But the common reaction of those most prone to emphasize these turbulent aspects of urban life in America is to demand the unleashing of the police, to the end that greater numbers of criminals may be brought to book. And by the unleashing of the police is meant the removal of restraints aimed at safeguarding the rights of the accused, and certainly the imposition of no further such restraints. It is the great and innovating virtue of Mayor Lindsay's task-force report that it addresses itself to the question, not of how to make the police more autonomous, but of how to make them more effective. It is, after all, mindless to insist on the autonomy of the police function, without regard to the effectiveness with which it is discharged.

Even a superficial look – which is all that Mayor Lindsay's task force had time for – at the operations of the largest police department in the country uncovers an astonishing amount of obsolescence and inefficiency. Thus the mountainous paperwork burdening the average New York cop is worthy of the French provincial bureaucracy. Not only that, but policemen apparently "must fill in duplicate summons stubs for traffic violations, yet no carbon paper is provided." Detectives do their own typing, for lack of clerical assistance. Switchboards and file cabinets are manned by police officers rather than civilians, and so are computers and laboratories. In the one case, police skills are wasted; in the other they are often inadequate. There are rules and rules and rules, and they are evidently seldom, if ever, repealed, no matter how outdated; and that being the case, they include unrealistic ones, which are rarely enforced and therefore work out arbitrarily when they are invoked. The communications system, within the police department and as a means of access by the public to the department, is complex. Seen from the vantage point of the purpose it is supposed to serve, it is primitive. There is, for one thing, no central communications center.

Having made an arrest – and he is all too generally judged on the number of arrests he makes, not on the

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overall quality of his performance – a police officer will often have a four-hour wait for a five-minute proceeding in one of the lower criminal courts. Finally – though this is no fault of the police administration itself – it should not be imagined that the average police officer spends all his time, or in many instances even most of it, "fighting crime." He spends much of it handing out parking tickets, dealing with street and sidewalk obstructions, and, most especially, hauling in drunks. Here are law-enforcement problems, if that is what they should be called, of a relatively minor order which ought not to be dealt with by the criminal law and ought not to occupy the police. The task force cites a study showing that "of a total of 200,000 arrests in New York City in 1964, close to 70,000 involved varying forms of public drunkenness." No doubt, in so wet a city as New York, drunks who make a public display of themselves may have to be dealt with. But as the task force suggests, there are more sensible ways of doing it than through arrests, bookings at a police station, and perfunctory trials in court.

To hear police and prosecutors tell it, the rising crime rate would be brought under some sort of control if only the courts weren't so finicky about the rights of a suspect arrested by the police. But the real crime rate, not the drunk rate, would stand a better chance of being lowered if more police were more readily and effectively available when needed to prevent or stop violent behavior. That was the experience last summer in the New York subways. And as for the attitude of courts toward police work, it might well be more permissive and sympathetic if there were greater confidence in the efficiency of the police, and in their capacity to police themselves, and thus gain the confidence of the community in the administration of justice – an objective more crucial than obtaining this or that particular conviction. For this reason, institution of a police review board with a civilian majority, such as Mayor Lindsay's task force and the mayor himself have recommended, would in the end achieve for the police more rather than less autonomy.

ALEXANDER M. BICKEL

NKRUMAH'S OVERTHROW MEANS SOMETHING NEW AND BETTER

Ghana Without "The Redeemer"

London

Few *coups* were as predictable as the overthrow by the army and police of Kwame Nkrumah, the self-styled *Osagyefo*, or Redeemer of Ghana. The dungeons of his infamous regime have opened. Black Star Square is to become Danquah Square, in honor of the country's leading figure in the struggle against colonialism, who died literally in chains last year. Nkrumah's absence in Peking made a perfect timing for Acting Brigadier E. K. Kotoka's bold initiative.

Nkrumah's risk in traveling abroad so soon after the *coup* in Nigeria may seem surprising. But the *Osagyefo* never embarked on a "state" journey without consulting oracles. If one accepts that the more successful witch doctors do possess some extrasensory perception, their "green light" for the Peking trip could have two meanings: it was meant to save the fading Redeemer's life, or it shows that even witch doctors know when to change sides. A physical coward – which partly explains his ruthlessness – Nkrumah is unlikely to attempt a return.

Although Nkrumah's Convention People's Party was modeled more or less on Félix Houphouet-Boigny's Democratic Rally, at a time when this French African movement was allied to the French Communist Party, Nkrumah was never a Communist – merely a fascist dictator allied to Moscow and Peking when it suited him. A consummate actor who self-confidently wanted others to love him as much as he loved himself, he ruled Ghana on day-to-day expedients, reshuffling his cabinet at least four times a year, maintaining a shrill pitch of political excitement within the country, tossing physical blows at his cabinet cronies when they roused his facile temper, and tossing his enemies into jail without trial. His only political aim appears to have been his own survival. A seer rather than a thinker, Kwame – meaning "Saturday's (male) child" – had "far to go," according to both the Tswi and Western legends. He went all the way from a quasi-universal adulation (in 1957) to become a man loathed and ridiculed throughout Africa. His original path to political success was lined with everyone else's good intentions. Probably no country was ever born in such a welter of interna-

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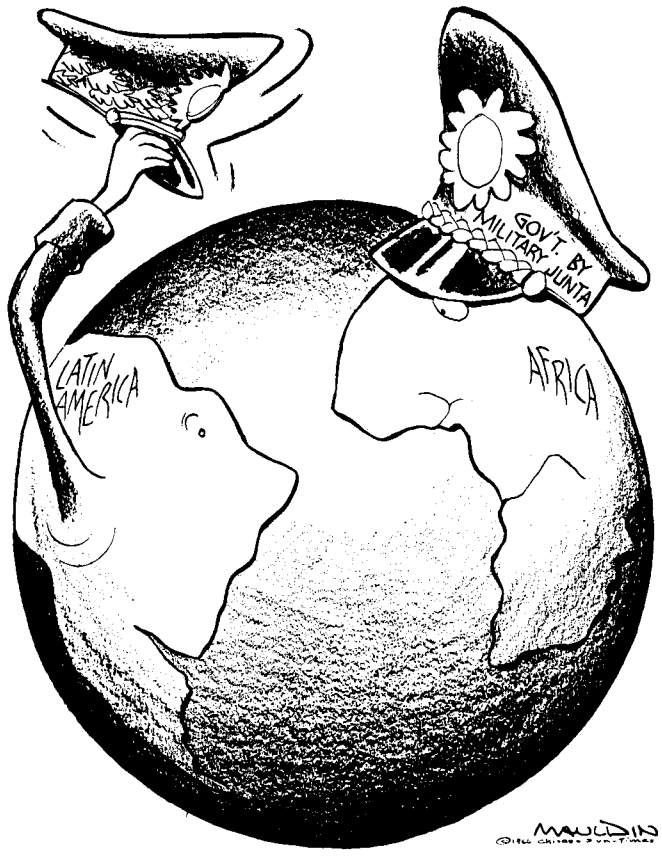

"Saludo, Amigo."

tional goodwill as Ghana in 1957. But from being an articulate voice of local anticolonialism, Nkrumah became a self-righteous instrument of godly wrath and finally God himself – portrayed, in a locally printed postcard, with Jesus sitting on his right.

In the Medici-like morass of political intrigue which he created, he found it easier to be Cesare Borgia than Caesar. He cut down most of his old lieutenants and surrounded himself with younger, more radical, more sycophantic and primitive men. Opinionated and histrionic, he has been, in recent years, so absorbed in fears of assassination and in magic as to have faced, on one occasion, a request from his cabinet that he submit himself to psychiatric examination.

Discontent in Ghana rose greatly in the past 12 months because of economic failures – perhaps about to be offset by the new Volta Dam. From 1957 to 1964, Ghana's per capita income went up only from $165 to $199. Last year it fell to $195. The cost of living has risen, over eight years, by 145 percent. Next-door Ivory Coast had seen its income rise from $100 to $240, with only a fairly modest increase in living costs.

Internally, the Ghanaian *coup* undoubtedly means a constitutional revision. A major African problem is the unsuitability for high office of the sort of men who win revolutions for independence in some underdeveloped countries. Chief H. O. Davies, a leading Nigerian lawyer, suggested in a 1961 book that his country adopt the American system of choosing cabinet officers from outside the legislature. Either this or the French African compromise of choosing ministers from both inside and outside the parliament now seems fairly sure in Nigeria. The Ghanaian officers, clearly inspired by Nigeria's General Johnson Aguiyi-Ironsi, will probably copy his policy.

In Lagos, Ironsi already rules through the élite – senior civil servants, staff officers, members of liberal professions. Ghana has, proportionally, an even more distinguished body of mandarins than Nigeria – most of them in exile abroad or rusticated to their home villages. The appointment of Major General J. A. Ankrah, the banned former chief of staff, to head the army and the provisional regime, is significant. The dreary corps of European, West Indian and other foreign advisers of the *ancien régime*, headed by the Sydney Greenstreet figure of Geoffrey Bing, has had its day. Some spectacular "political crimes trials" are promised.

Also constitutionally probable is a new type of "upper house" both in Nigeria and Ghana. Nigeria now has a "delaying body" upper house with little power, Ghana a unicameral system. Both may now look to a US-type Senate, with higher age and other qualifications for membership, to act as a senior body to a more "popular" lower house. Dissent will probably now be allowed in Ghana, but probably not a multiparty free-for-all. Most African and other observers in Africa have been impressed by last year's elections in Tanzania: only two candidates were allowed for every district, and 25 percent of incumbent legislators and other government-sponsored candidates, including nine ministers and junior ministers, were defeated by the challengers. Something similar – one official candidate and one challenger – may characterize the future polls in other African states.

The Redeemer's eclipse will be a blow to the radical "Casablanca Bloc," the Egypt-Algeria (and formerly Egypt-Algeria-Morocco) group of which Ghana was the most notable Black African appendage.

Nkrumah's constant attempts to interfere in other countries' affairs, and his subsidies to maverick subversive movements, made him the most universally disliked government head among his fellow premiers and presidents. No African country, with the possible exception of Guinea, would willingly give this unpopular figure permanent asylum, but President Nasser may relent because of Nkrumah's white Egyptian wife. His contempt for Nkrumah is, however, as notorious as his jokes about President Sukarno.

Another possible place of refuge, Guinea aside, could

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be Switzerland, the home of his best remaining friend – his multimillion-dollar bank account. One suitable residence there would be that of his former finance minister, Komla Gbedemah, now presumably making plans to return to his wife and children in Accra. Switzerland, however, was the place where Nkrumah's old friend Félix Moumié, a sophisticated con man who collected funds from African states for several years by pretending to be the president of the revolutionary *Union des Populations du Caméroun*, was poisoned by an agent of that indignant party.

Perhaps the single most important extraterritorial sequel to Nkrumah's fate will be the reestablishment of some of the links which Nkrumah broke with Nigeria, Sierra Leone and the Gambia, the other countries of English-speaking West Africa. Resumption of ties is likely to begin with the simplest ones – a joint airline that might actually make a modest profit, a common educational and examination system, shared research institutes and a restoration of some of the "common services." With Ghana on friendly terms with its sister states for the first time in nine years, industrial and other development could be harmonized to prevent senseless competition. A common market, with uniform customs tariffs, would certainly be desirable. For with 71 million of the area's 98 million people, and four-fifths of West Africa's economy, such a grouping would encourage investment from abroad. Eventually, even the four countries' defense forces might once again be pooled on a "one for all, all for one" principle. Another probable international result of Nkrumah's political defeat should be that Ghana will cease to be the single greatest evader of the African economic boycott of South Africa. (Ghana had been purchasing heavy mining machinery and millions of cigarettes from South Africa; it also was a major purchaser of Rhodesian tobacco in January, taking advantage of the fallen price caused by the British and American boycott.)

The only unusual feature of the Ghanaian rising was that it took so long, or that so many earlier attempts failed so tragically. I predicted in *The Washington Post* in 1963 that there would be at least 10 military governments in Africa within five years. There are eight so far, seven of which were on my list. The remaining three are Ethiopia, Morocco and Senegal.

RUSSELL WARREN HOWE

THE DICK

by James Ridgeway

Ralph Nader is a lanky Washington attorney of 32 who recently has been getting publicity because he went after the automobile makers for not designing safer cars. He wrote a book, *Unsafe at Any Speed*, which told what was wrong with cars; he was a major witness before Senator Abraham Ribicoff's subcommittee on traffic safety; and most likely he will testify before the Senate Commerce Committee when it holds hearings on the Administration's highway safety bill.

The auto makers, who first ignored Nader, have now turned on their most vigorous critic. This is precisely the sort of knockdown public fight Nader was hoping for, but instead of open battle, he finds himself suddenly distracted from the task at hand and locked in a subterranean struggle against an uncertain enemy.

Nader first felt someone was watching him January 10 in the Kirkwood Hotel at Des Moines, where he had gone to testify before the state attorney general's inquiry into traffic safety. He remembers seeing a man, two or perhaps three times in the hotel, once on his floor; for reasons Nader can't explain, the man made him feel uneasy.

Nader was to testify before the Ribicoff subcommittee February 10. In the days before he was to appear, he received several odd phone calls that increased in their frequency until on the evening of February 9, when he was trying to put the finishing touches on a prepared statement, Nader got half-a-dozen phone calls. A voice would say, "Mr. Nader, this is Pan American," and then hang up. Or, "Mr. Nader, please pick up the parcel at Railway Express." And finally, "Why don't you go back to Connecticut, buddy-boy." (Nader's home is at Winsted, Conn.) Nader's appearance before the committee was marked by a sharp clash between Senator Carl Curtis of Nebraska and Senator Robert Kennedy of New York. Curtis kept pretending he could not understand what Nader was saying and finally Kennedy, in short temper, said this was a deliberate attempt to keep Nader from completing his statement, and to let him alone. The next day,

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a Friday, Nader went to the New Senate Office Building for a television interview. As he was coming out, one of the building guards told him two men had been tailing him. The men asked the guard which room Nader had gone into, and then volunteered they had been following Nader around the country. The guard reported the incident to his superior, who asked the men to leave the building.

What Job?

During the next week, Nader's landlady got a call from a man checking to see whether her tenant paid his bills on time. Nader's stockbroker received a visit from a man who said he worked for "Allied Investigations." His client wanted to hire Nader. He wanted to know about Nader's credit and his habits. In Cambridge, Mass., Harold Berman, a professor at Harvard Law School who taught Nader, got a call from a man who as Berman remembers it, said he worked for a research organization. He said Nader had given Berman as a reference for a job. In Boston, Thomas Lambert Jr., the editor-in-chief of the American Trial Lawyers Association Journal, a publication that had carried a number of articles by Nader, was visited by a man who looked very Ivy League. He said his name was "Mr. Dwyer" and he worked for a "Management Consultants" or "Management Associates" at 53 State Street in Boston. He also represented a client who wanted to hire Nader. He asked about his drinking habits and his technical capabilities. Lambert was pleased to recommend Nader; he sent Nader off a note telling of the visitor and wishing the young attorney well in whatever the new job might be. But Nader had not applied for any job.

Sunday evening, February 20, Nader left his room in northwest Washington and went up the street a couple of blocks to a drugstore. He was standing at the magazine rack when a young, attractive brunette he had never seen before approached and said, "Pardon me. I know this sounds a little forward. I hope you don't mind, but can I talk to you?" She said a few of her friends often got together to discuss various problems of foreign affairs. They wanted to get all viewpoints. Would he join them? Nader was dumbfounded. Trying to get rid of her politely, he said he was from out of town. But the girl persisted. Oh, she said, that's alright; there was a meeting that night. Nader said he wasn't interested and turned his back. The girl left.

Monday morning Nader took a plane to Philadelphia, where he was to appear on ABC's Mike Douglas Show.

That same day at a little after noon, Frederick Hughes Condon, a lawyer for a life insurance company in Concord, New Hampshire, to whom Nader had dedicated his book, got a call from a "Mr. Warren," who said he wanted to come by the office and ask Condon a few questions about his friend, Ralph Nader. He said he had a client who wanted to hire Nader to do some research and writing, and in this connection he was looking into Nader's background, partly to make sure he led a normal sex life and was not involved in left-wing politics, and also because he needed to know whether Nader was capable of doing work in fields other than car design. Condon asked Warren who the client was, but Warren said he could not disclose that. So Condon asked him who he was. Warren said he worked with an attorney, a Mr. Gillen of New York City, who specialized in investigations. His suspicions already aroused, Condon told Warren to come by the office later that afternoon.

Nader had finished the Mike Douglas Show in Philadelphia; he was late for a 3:30 United Air Lines flight back to Washington. The other passengers had boarded when he hurried up to the gate at 3.25. Suddenly, he was aware that two men who had been sitting on a bench nearby had risen and boarded the plane after him. They took seats near his. They seemed to be especially interested in Nader.

It was mid-afternoon that day when the telephone rang in the New York City apartment of Dexter Masters. Masters had written a complimentary review of the Nader book that appeared a few weeks before as the lead article in *Book Week*. Masters remembers picking up the phone, "A smooth-talking fellow said he understood I had reviewed the book for *Book Week* and could I tell him anything about Nader. I said I didn't know him and what did he want to know for. The man said he represented the 'Gillian' Agency or something that sounded like that. He said one of the operators was a former FBI agent. They were investigating for a client who was interested in hiring Nader to write some articles. Did I think it really was a good book? I said I thought it was an excellent book and so had written." The man thanked Masters and hung up. Masters, thinking this one of the silliest pieces of detective work he ever had encountered, called Nader's publisher, Richard Grossman, to tell him the story.

At about 4:15 the United flight with Nader aboard was in its landing approach at Washington's National Airport; the two men seated near him looked like small-time salesmen. The plane came to a stop, and Nader went down the ramp, then ducked in and out of a number of doors at the airport to shake the men. He got into a cab, and as it headed for downtown Washington, Nader looked through the back window for the men. They had disappeared.

Condon, meanwhile, was closeted with a vice president of his company for much of the afternoon and it wasn't until 4:30 that he got free to see Mr. Warren, who now was calling himself Mr. Gillen. As the secre-

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tary ushered Mr. Gillen into Condon's office, the lawyer remembered he wore heavy black-rimmed glasses, was of medium height with a barrel chest and gray hair combed straight back. Gillen had a nervous manner when he asked leading questions, and he insisted on holding an attaché case in his lap. By now Condon was sure the man was a detective, and he was ready to believe the attaché case held recording equipment. But Condon was playing dumb.

Gillen came right to the point. He asked repeatedly whether Nader had a driver's license and from what state. Had he owned a car at Harvard? Had Condon ever seen him drive a car? What make car did he own? Had he ever had any automobile accidents? Condon could not remember Nader driving and didn't know whether he had a license or not. (Actually Nader has a Connecticut driver's license.)

Gillen said he heard Nader traveled a lot. Did Condon know where he had gone? Why wasn't Nader married? Did he get financial help with his book? Did he have any left-wing political affiliations? Gillen said Nader was of Syrian ancestry. Was he anti-Semitic? Condon assured Gillen that Nader's personal life was normal; he didn't to Condon's knowledge belong to any political groups on one side or the other, that he had traveled to Mexico, and perhaps he had gone to see relatives in Lebanon, where his parents came from (not Syria), and that he was decidedly not anti-Semitic. Then Gillen sought to discover when Nader had met Senator Ribicoff and what his connections with the Senator were. Condon said he didn't know, and wasn't at all sure that Nader even knew Ribicoff.

"Somebody Might Yell . . ."

Finally, Gillen asked Condon a few questions about himself. Condon is a paraplegic. Some years ago he fell asleep at the wheel of his car, which went off the road and crashed. The doors opened as it rolled over, and Condon, half in and half out, had his spine twisted. Gillen wanted to know if Nader had dedicated his book to Condon because of this accident. Did Condon think his injury was caused by unsafe design? What was the make of the car he was driving? Where had the accident taken place?

Having in this manner discovered the depths of Nader's intellectual abilities from his friend, Gillen said he really didn't know what job his client had in mind for Nader but he was sure it would be a good one, and picking up his attaché case, he bid Condon goodbye. Condon immediately wrote up the conversation, sent Nader a wire, and later that evening phoned him in Washington.

Now Nader was sure he was being investigated and probably followed. The girl in the drugstore had been a lure; he reasoned that the auto companies would like to get anything they could to discredit him as a future witness before congressional committees considering auto safety legislation. His suspicions were further aroused two days later, on Wednesday, February 23, when on the way to meet a friend in the afternoon, he stopped off to buy a package of cookies at a Safeway store near his boarding house. There were perhaps 30 people in the store, the usual raft of children, some women and a few single men. As he was looking about for the cookies, a girl, blonde and wearing slacks, came up to him and said, "Excuse me, but I need some help. I've got to move something heavy into my apartment. There's no one to help me. I wonder if I can get you to give me a hand. It won't take much time. Will you help?" Nader said he was sorry but he had a meeting and was late already. The girl persisted. "Please," she said. "It won't take long." Nader refused. Then, although there were a number of other people in the store who might have helped her, the girl turned straight around and left the store.

Neither Allied Investigating Service in Washington nor Management Consultants in Boston cared to discuss this matter. Both are private detective firms. After some prodding a spokesman for Allied said there was no investigation of Nader; John Dwyer of Management Consultants at 53 State Street said, "I am not at liberty to discuss any of these matters." But a reporter was successful when he reached Vincent Gillen, of Vincent Gillen Associates, the detective firm in Garden City, New York. Mr. Gillen seemed flustered. "We've made inquiries about Nader," he said. "I spoke with Condon myself; another of our men contacted Masters." Gillen said he could not disclose the name of his client, but he said, "A lot of people were mentioned adversely in that book." Recovering his composure, he told the reporter: "I am a private investigator. We have hundreds of clients; we write thousands of reports, primarily on employment matters. I was asked by a client to make an investigation of Ralph Nader. I understand that he is an intelligent, articulate fellow. And my client told me he was considering him for an important job, to do research on something, I don't know what."

"I knew Nader was a writer," Gillen said, "and I went out and bought *Unsafe at Any Speed*." Gillen read the book and "felt like staying in bed. I was afraid to drive a car," he said. "I thought at the time, he'd better know what he's talking about or somebody might yell."

"Is somebody yelling?" the reporter asked. There was a pause before Gillen said once more that Nader was being considered for a job. The investigation was not yet complete, the detective said, and then added, "All I can say is, it is good for Nader."

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NEW RADICALS, OLD CONSERVATIVES

In previous articles, Michael Harrington and Robert Coles discussed the personal statements of "young radicals" which have appeared in these pages. Mr. Hamowy, whose commentary follows, speaks as a conservative. He was editor-in-chief of The New Individualist Review *while doing graduate work at the University of Chicago, and is now on the history faculty of Stanford University. This series concludes with a forthcoming article by Paul Seabury.*

Left and Right Meet

by Ronald Hamowy

Proponents of a voluntarist society cannot help but be pleased at the emergence of a movement like the New Left. For both share an emotional and moral commitment to the individual and believe that the dehumanization of contemporary society is, at least largely, the result of government encroachment into areas which are less and less controlled by the individual.

It has been pointed out by Dr. Murray Rothbard in his brilliant analysis of the New Left (*Left and Right*, Autumn, 1965) that this radical alteration in leftist thought has made the classic political categories of Left and Right meaningless. For, while a vigorous and vocal element among the Left has abandoned the social-democratic theories of the old Left – which necessarily involves manipulation and control over people by a centralized authority – and has switched its emphasis from statism to an individual-oriented antistatism, a reverse process has been going on for the past few years on the American Right. To understand this reverse process we must recall what the older right-wing tradition in America is.

The school of writers I have in mind and with whom I would identify myself, drew heavily on the classical liberal tradition of 19th-Century Europe. This school stood for *laissez-faire* capitalism and free trade in the economic sphere and was profoundly civil libertarian. David Ricardo, for example, himself a Quaker, championed the cause of Catholic emancipation and in Parliament defended a bookseller convicted of selling the freethought works of Tom Paine; and Frederick Bastiat, perhaps the most "extreme" of the *laissez-faire* economists, defended Louis Blanc in the National Assembly against charges of conspiracy to incite insurrection. In the same way, old-line American right-wingers typically battled against the outbreaks of ideological intolerance which are so endemic to the United States: for instance, the anti-German hysteria of World War I, and the anti-Red hysteria which succeeded it. Finally, the American right was committed to a policy of peace and antimilitarism. This libertarian position found its supporters in both major American political parties, but the bulk of its adherents – before 1932 – were members of the northern Democratic Party.

At its inception, the modern Right had as its heroes such men as Jefferson, Thoreau, William Graham Sumner and Herbert Spencer. Championing, as it did, the individual against the State, the Right, in foreign affairs, stood for peace, neutrality and isolationism as opposed to the Rooseveltian drive toward "collective security," foreign entanglement and war. Domestically, the corollary of individual liberty was a call for free enterprise against the socialist tendencies of the State.

Since the mid-50's, however, the Right has been undergoing a transformation which has now almost totally reversed its position in American political life. (Practically the only elements resisting this change have been the publishers and editors of *Left and Right* in New York and *The New Individualist Review*.) With almost complete unanimity among its rank and file and under the aegis of the conservative *National Review*, the Right now finds itself championing a belligerent foreign policy, a domestic anti-civil libertarianism and a rapprochement with the State in its control of the economic life of the country.

How extreme this shift has been in the area of domestic policy can be witnessed by the change in outlook of what had once been important spokesmen for individualism in the market, *Fortune* magazine and the National Association of Manufacturers. *Fortune* (in its January, 1966 issue) carried a major article – " 'Creative Federalism' and the Great Society" – lauding Johnson's Great Society program, in which the author advances the novel thesis that the present federal program – geared as it is to cooperation between government and the big corporations – marks "a fundamental break with the welfare state." That such wholesale in-

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tervention in economic affairs should be approved is, upon reflection, really not too surprising, for *Fortune's* readership is no longer composed of businessmen working independently of the government – who look upon government intervention as an invasion of their inherent right to be left alone – but rather by corporation executives whose very jobs are dependent on government "goodwill" toward the mammoth companies for which they work. As has been pointed out by Murray Kempton in the December 18 issue of *The New Republic*, the composition of the National Association of Manufacturers has exhibited a similar change. What has happened simply is that business – like everything else in modern society – has, to an ever greater extent, become the preserve of government, and big business is, more and more, simply one arm of the State, staffed by people with the same mentality as can be found among the functionaries of any government agency.

The shift in position on foreign policy by the Right is even more pervasive. We can take William Graham Sumner as a reference point for the approach of the old-line American Right. In 1899, Sumner pierced the euphoria of Mr. McKinley's war by delivering a speech entitled "The Conquest of the United States by Spain": "We have beaten Spain in a military conflict, but we are submitting to be conquered by her on the field of ideas and policies. Expansionism and imperialism are nothing but the old philosophies of national prosperity which have brought Spain to where she now is. Those philosophies appeal to national vanity and national cupidity." A fiercely antimilitaristic ethos was characteristic of both the old-line right-wing intellectuals (such as Albert Jay Nock and H. L. Mencken) and of the Right's mainly Middle West and Eastern small-town base, and this ethos found perhaps its last great expression in the America First Movement of 1940-41. It is this tradition which the present-day conservative geopoliticians have betrayed, and which, in a different form, the radicals of the New Left are taking up. It is significant in this connection, that among the most principled opponents of conscription (principled because his opposition is independent of his stand on the merits or demerits of the Vietnam struggle) is University of Chicago economist Milton Friedman, whose *Capitalism and Freedom* is a logically rigorous defense of *laissez-faire* capitalism.

The neo-conservative position on American involvement in Vietnam is perhaps typical of the Right's new approach to foreign policy. One is shocked by the naïveté inherent in looking at the world in terms of Communist *or* American domination, to the exclusion of all alternatives as politically unviable. This approach can, perhaps, be explained in part by what can be considered no more than a commitment to a virulent nationalism. In gist, the Right has, of all things, taken unto itself the task of foisting a political and economic system which – in the past – it had rejected, onto a world unwilling to accept it.

What is most surprising and welcome, then, about the New Left as a political and intellectual movement is that it, today, almost alone, stands emotionally as the heir of what is left of 19th-Century liberal thought, classically the intellectual background of the American Right. The New Left is beginning to realize what the old Left never managed to understand: that increasing the power of government rarely operates to the benefit of the poor, who are ritualistically invoked to justify government action. Rather, it benefits the plutocrats (capitalists who use the government rather than the market to attain their ends), trade union officials and other dignitaries of the power structure, for it is these dignitaries who know how to apply leverage on the sources of power. A perfect example of this is the federal urban renewal program, of which Martin Anderson of Columbia University has found: "The overall results of federal urban renewal indicate that it is a regressive program, rather than progressive. It benefits high-income groups and hurts low-income groups. . . . [It] has actually aggravated the housing shortage for low-income groups." In fact, it is a method for aiding favored contractors and downtown businessmen at the expense of taxpayers, minority groups and the poor.

Other examples of this tendency of government action come readily to mind: the farm-subsidy program, which benefits, primarily, richer farmers and owners of storage facilities at the expense of the taxpayers and consumers; state higher education, which subsidizes the education of middle- and upper-middle-class children at the public's expense; the tendency of regulatory agencies such as the Civil Aeronautics Board and the Interstate Commerce Commission to act as cartelizing agents, in the interest of certain carriers and to the disadvantage of the consumers; and the Selective Service System (the name given to the agencies responsible for legalized impressment), which is probably the most flagrant example of class legislation aimed at the expense of the poorer and less educated elements in America to the benefit of the generally draft-exempt middle class.

"Private" vs *"Public" Sector*

My differences with the New Left involve primarily those areas in which it has not been able to free itself from the State-oriented ideology of the Liberal Establishment. Thus, some contributors to *The New Republic* symposium have rather thoughtlessly alluded with approval to Galbraith's concept of a wicked, egoistic "private" sector *vs* a virtuous, altruistic, but impoverished "public" sector. Too many of these

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"young radicals" completely overlook the fact that the scorned "private sector" is precisely the area of relative individual self-determination and autonomy and of voluntary interaction among people. The much-vaunted "public sector" on reflection turns out to be the sector of force or the threat of force, ultimately exercised, behind whatever high cause is invoked, by the government's bureaucracy and, in the last analysis, by its police. The contrast which Jane Jacobs points up between the city communities formed independently by the free interaction of people and the unlivable pseudo-communities invented by city planners' fiat is a good illustration of the relative *humanness* of the private sector and the aridity of centralization and planning by the "public" authorities.

There are other elements in the public sector ideology which present dangers for basically libertarian-oriented New Left radicals. In the first place, their position is fundamentally puritanical: we are called on, again and again, to feel shame for our desires for powerful sportscars, good stereos, sailboats, private education for our children, or foreign travel – for all the things people are purchasing with their new affluence. In the second place, their demand for greater public expenditures is anti-individualistic: I don't see how one can maintain that depriving the individual of control over his own expenditures, and removing the locus of decision-making here to collective agencies, can have any effect except to decrease the individual's sense of selfhood and direction of his own destiny. How much respect for the individual is manifested by those who insist that, whether or not people *want* to subsidize art galleries and symphony orchestras, we will nevertheless force these Philistines to do so?

Paul Goodman has recently written: "In the 17th and 18th Centuries, the development of the Enlightenment and the Industrial Revolution was a swing to decentralization. This time, the voluntary associations were friend-groups, partnerships, and companies of individuals rather than corporate bodies. They banded together to enterprise in their own way, free of royal monopolies, mercantilist regulations, and the ossified relics of guilds, universities and feudalism. Scientists and scholars tended to go it alone, by correspondence, and in independent academies. Stockholders in joint-stock companies were vigilant of management. And these groups federated across national boundaries for trade, science, technical innovation and political action. Out of it came political economy and modern social theory, the first colonial revolutions, the Bill of Rights, the limitation of absolute power, the critical philosophy, the theory of perpetual peace – in brief, everything that we now think of as our best."

I hope that the radicals of the New Left will join with their most insightful and sensitive theoretician of the movement in exploring the potentialities of free enterprise and free markets for the realization of their voluntarist aims.

How To Keep School Segregation

by John Osborne

Manning, S.C.

There could be no better place than this pretty town and the nearby countryside for a look at how federally ordered school integration, federal aid to the public schools, and the federal presence in general tend to work in the rural South. Manning is the seat of Clarendon County in South Carolina's low country, where the fields are flat and rich and most people are poor and most of the poor are Negroes. The proportion of Negroes to whites in the county population of 30,000 – about seven to three – coincides almost exactly with the proportion of Clarendon County families who reported total incomes of less than $3,000 in the last census. New industries have brought up the income level somewhat since then, but the Office of Economic Opportunity in Washington still rates Clarendon among the six poorest counties in South Carolina and the 100 poorest counties in the United States. In one of the county's three school districts, 82 to 95 percent of the families with children in all-Negro schools reported total incomes of $2,000 or less last year, and the incomes of most of them probably averaged less than $1,000. The highest proportion of white school families reporting incomes of $2,000 or less was eight percent.

The county's claim to national distinction is the fact that one of the cases in which the United States Supreme Court declared segregated public schooling unconstitutional in 1954 originated here. Its less obvious claim to notice is the quiet and efficient ferocity

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with which the controlling whites have delayed and contained the effects of that 1954 decision.

In 1954 and for 11 years afterward, the white community convinced those in charge of national integration strategy that the reaction to the smallest start toward school desegregation would be so violent that it was not worth attempting. It was not until last year that a federal court finally ordered the admission of six Negro children to two of Clarendon County's rural all-white schools and the beginning of "free choice" transfer in those districts next fall.

Even that much has yet to happen in the Manning district, the county's largest. It is one of two school districts in South Carolina which have refused to comply in any way with the requirements for federal school funds. The district's white authorities say that they would gladly continue to deprive the white and Negro children in their charge of the federal aid, already amounting to hundreds of thousands and eventually to millions of dollars, if they saw a segregated future in the deprivation. A private suit demanding the admission of specified Negro children to Manning's white schools and a start on free-choice transfer is due for trial in the federal district court at Charleston in the next month or so, and the Manning authorities assume that it will be decided against them. The Department of Justice has recently intervened in that suit, with the more stringent demand that Manning's dual system of white and Negro schools be abolished outright. No federal judge in South Carolina has gone that far and the white leaders comfort themselves with the impression – perhaps illusory – that they will have to accept nothing worse than a minimal degree of free-choice integration, leaving their dual system essentially intact.

Manning's chief strategist in its long resistance to integration has been and is its professional superintendent of schools, W. H. Weldon. His attitude corresponds with that of the white community and is well known to it. He is against integration; he wants no part of it; and he believes that those elsewhere who do want it "don't know the Negro we have down here." It is also well known in Manning that Weldon and his board of school trustees are determined to accept nothing in the way of integration, including the federal funds for which enforced compliance will qualify them, that federal courts or other federal agencies do not publicly require them to accept. Given that public requirement, they are prepared to use the forms of compliance to minimize and forestall the intent of federal policy.

Weldon and his board have only to look to the county's Summerton school district for a demonstration of what rigid "compliance" with federal orders can do to frustrate the intent of those orders. The Summerton district was the specific defendant in the famous Clarendon case of 1954. One of the individual complainants in that case was John E. McDonald, a Negro farmer who scratches a bare living from 100 acres in the district. His daughter Rita, 17, is one of five Negroes and the only senior-grade Negro pupil admitted to the previously all-white Summerton high school by court order last fall. I happened to be visiting Clarendon County some weeks ago when John McDonald complained to the Office of Education and the Department of Justice in Washington that the district authorities were condoning and encouraging an effort to drive Rita McDonald from the school before she becomes, if she lasts out the term with passing grades, the first Negro graduate of a "white" public school in Clarendon County. So far as I could discover in Washington, neither the Office of Education nor the Department of Justice had paid the slightest attention to John McDonald's complaint by mid-February. Apart from the troubles and fate of Rita McDonald, that is too bad. For the federal authorities could have found in the background of the complaint a perfect lesson in the art of fraudulent compliance.

This is not the place to detail Rita McDonald's story of continuous harassment by white students and her father's allegation that repeated complaints to the school and district authorities have been fruitless. The point of broad interest is the use to which fundamentally hostile authorities can put judicial and administrative orders to treat Negro and white students with absolute "equality" in newly integrated schools.

Three white men involved in the McDonald complaint – C. E. Buttes Jr., the district superintendent; C. E. Watson, the high school principal; and Charles Plowden, the dominant trustee – agree that they and their white teachers had done nothing whatever, and maintained that they should have done nothing, to prepare Rita McDonald and four other Negroes who transferred to the white high school last September for their enormous leap from the visibly inferior Negro schools, with their different rules and their immeasurably different atmosphere. "Why should we have told them anything that we didn't tell the white students?" Buttes asks with evident bitterness. He and Plowden also agree that they do not intend to consult in any way with Negro principals, teachers and students who will be involved this spring and next fall in the district's first experience with court-ordered "free choice" transfer from Negro to white schools. Had not a federal court – they ask – ordered them to treat white and Negro students "exactly the same"? And would they not be accused of trying to persuade the Negroes

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to stay where they were if they did consult with the Negro faculties? The glaring fact that "the same" is not the same for white and Negro students in such localities appears to have no legal bearing, however it may cry for kindness that communities like Summerton and Manning seem to be incapable of displaying.

A fortnight after Rita McDonald's appeal for protection was forwarded to Washington, the Summerton authorities reported with unconcealed satisfaction that another of the Negro students had withdrawn from the white high school and that two more were begging their parents to let them go back to their Negro schools. The authorities hoped that the experience of the first transfers would discourage others under free choice.

Nominal compliance with the federal court order qualified the Summerton district for federal aid and it has just received a grant of $145,800, a start on much more to come and a part of $28 million committed to South Carolina for aid to its elementary and secondary schools. In keeping with the poverty formula devised for President Johnson in order to get around constitutional limitations on direct federal aid, the money goes only to Summerton's poorest schools – meaning its Negro schools. Most of it is going initially into free lunches; some will improve deficient libraries and provide such needed services as remedial reading instruction. This would seem to be all to the good, but there are some catches in it.

A Federal Bonanza

In January, 2,200 students were attending Summerton's four all-Negro schools. Exactly 287 white students were attending its two "white" public schools (73 students had withdrawn and entered an all-white private school sponsored by the local Baptist church to escape the horrors of "mixing"). Inferior in every respect though the Negro schools are, most of the district's annual operating budget of about $500,000 is spent on them. The authorities face the prospect, awful to them, of having to raise the local school-tax rate this year. Some of them were just beginning to wonder in their fiscal hearts whether their dual system was really worth the cost in hard, personal cash when the federal bonanza opened. Now they are looking to federal funds to make it feasible to retain a segregated system, modified by the least integration they can get by with.

Summerton's Superintendent Buttes recently chose himself and three white assistants – his wife, the wife of an agricultural teacher who is paid in part from federal funds, and a third woman – to administer the $145,000 federal grant. Not a single Negro above the level of kitchen-help was hired for the purpose, although the entire program is supposedly for the benefit of Negroes. Wholly unknown to Superintendent Buttes, who confines his communication with his Negro principals and teachers to the barest minimum, the Negroes are seething with resentment and have quietly determined to encourage the maximum attainable number of transfers from their schools to the white schools when "free choice" begins.

They have a specific and proved complaint which, if it ever interests the responsible federal authorities, could impede if not upset Summerton's hopes for federally financed segregation. One of the practices debarred in federal principle is discrimination in the pay of white and Negro teachers. Summerton's Negro teachers have long suspected, but have never dared to make the inquiries necessary to prove, that the district's white teachers receive a local salary supplement which the Negro teachers do not get. Superintendent Buttes acknowledged recently that the suspicion is correct: all of his white teachers and none of his Negro teachers receive the supplement, averaging about $500 a year. The fact was reported to the Office of Education and the Department of Justice on January 28, along with Rita McDonald's complaint, but no attention had been paid to it several weeks later.

In the continuing attitudes and assumptions of Clarendon County's white minority, there is the quality of a dream. A revolutionary fact, sure in time to change much that has been reported here, is that a majority of the citizens now qualified to vote in the county are Negroes. Clarendon is one of two South Carolina counties where federal examiners have been listing prospective Negro voters since last November. Singly and in groups, upward of 5,000 Clarendon Negroes have sidled into the Manning post office and put down their names or – in a sadly high proportion of instances – made their marks with a scrawled "X," the only letter they know how to write. They are not officially registered until the county's three white registrars accept the federal lists and inscribe the names on the voting rolls. At considerable cost and great effort, the county registrars are combing the massive lists, name by name, for any excuse to disqualify the applicants. Their chief reliance is upon a state law which debars persons convicted of some 20 felonies – not including rape and murder, as the authorities have discovered to their embarrassment – from voting. Lists of such convictions for many years past have been collected from every police station, magistrate's court and sheriff's roster in the county. A few disqualifications have resulted and there will be more, but they are subject to one of the few forms of federal review that amount to anything in the county.

So far, the fact of a Negro voting majority has not seriously disturbed the county's white masters. Quite simply and literally, they refuse to believe that the change has occurred. They are going to be surprised.

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General de Gaulle and Vietnam

by Jean Lacouture

No one else, it would appear – not even Pope Paul VI or U Thant – is better placed than Charles de Gaulle to help bring about a negotiated settlement in Vietnam. But the appearance is deceptive: as an arbitrator, de Gaulle has the power of a mailbox (which is not to say that mailboxes are useless). Justifiably, a *New York Times* editorial of February 17 points out that the General's advice on Vietnam might carry more weight today, if 20 years earlier his government had not sent to Indochina an expeditionary corps that, after 1954, had to be relieved by another army.

The sending of that armada headed by General Leclerc in the spring of 1945 was not motivated by purely colonial ambitions. By March 9, 1945, the Japanese had taken over Indochina; previously they had had only garrisons authorized by Vichy. Thus, the mission of the original French expeditionary corps was to "liberate" Vietnam from the Japanese rather than to reconquer it (this, at any rate, was the opinion then of the young French officers, including this writer). In its "Declaration of March 24, 1945," de Gaulle's government offered the Vietnamese a somewhat vague system of self-government – a gesture that did not satisfy Ho Chi Minh's Vietminh propaganda for total independence.

Hiroshima spared the French expeditionary forces from having to fight the Japanese. But Hiroshima found the Vietminh entrenched in Hanoi and Saigon. Leclerc, regarded as de Gaulle's favorite disciple, quickly grasped that the Vietminh-inspired revolutionary movement had deep roots in the country and was not likely to be crushed militarily. Leclerc landed in Haiphong, went to Hanoi and negotiated with Ho Chi Minh the recognition of Vietnam as "a free State . . . within the French Union." He then cabled Paris that the word "independence" would be required to make the agreement stick.

However, besides Leclerc, the military Commander-in-Chief, de Gaulle had also appointed Admiral d'Argenlieu as "civilian" High Commissioner to Vietnam and he outranked Leclerc. D'Argenlieu, a Carmelite monk as well as a soldier, looked upon the world and particularly East-West relations, about the same way Cardinal Spellman does. He promptly undid Leclerc's diplomatic work. In Saigon, he proclaimed an Autonomous Republic of Cochin China (South Vietnam), whereas under the agreement signed with Ho Chi Minh, its fate was to have been decided through a referendum. Provocative acts on both sides finally led to war.

General de Gaulle was not called upon publicly to choose between Leclerc's peace and d'Argenlieu's war, for in January, 1946 he was no longer in power. We know, however, that the General did nothing to help Leclerc uphold his agreements policy; neither did he disavow d'Argenlieu when he, in turn, invoked de Gaulle's authority. When I returned from Indochina in early 1947, I went to see André Malraux, already one of the General's intimates. The strategy he outlined that day as being General de Gaulle's was exactly what General Gavin has just suggested – enclaves: "Hold the harbors, a few populated areas and wait. . . ." While the Indochina war lasted, de Gaulle's attitude remained the same; he criticized the governments of the Fourth Republic for the manner in which they waged the fight, rather than for waging it at all.

But from 1954 on, de Gaulle took a different position; he came to regard the war as foolish and as counter to France's vital interests in Europe and Africa. He therefore approved the results of the negotiations conducted in Geneva by Mendès-France in July, 1954. He even let his approval be known publicly, an extremely rare occurrence in view of his attitude toward the "regime of the parties." His lieutenants at the time, Soustelle and Michelet, defended the agreements in Parliament. Jean Sainteny, a fervent Gaullist, was sent to Hanoi to represent France. As Leclerc's associate, he had negotiated with Ho the short-lived agreements.

When de Gaulle returned to power in 1958, Algeria and other colonial problems were so pressing that he seemed to take no interest in Indochinese affairs. French presence there was minimal anyway. The North Vietnamese government, behaving in a most doctrinaire and unpolitic manner, had no use for foreign capital. In the South, Ngo Dinh Diem was steering his government in a rather anti-French direction. When M. Pinay, then de Gaulle's Finance Minister, went to South Vietnam in November, 1959 to try to improve relations between Saigon and Paris, de Gaulle merely tolerated the trip. He did nothing to exploit politically the *détente* Pinay had promoted by giving the Vietnamese a share in France's post-colonial interests in South Vietnam. The General stubbornly refused to re-

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ceive Diem (during a trip to Europe Diem was planning on the occasion of a religious celebration), or to receive his brother Mr. Nhu. He regarded them both as "American agents" and found their rigid Catholicism absurd.

Nor did de Gaulle in 1963 encourage his Ambassador in Saigon, M. Lalouette, a sincere friend of Mr. Nhu, to promote contacts between Saigon and the National Liberation Front, contacts that were then possible. The very discreet soundings taken by Lalouette (made public by Mr. Nhu in an interview a few weeks before his removal from power) were regarded as rash at the Elysée: why take such pains to save a dying and unfriendly regime?

Yet oddly enough, Diem's fall was by no means welcomed in Paris, except by the liberal press. For weeks General de Gaulle refused to recognize the new regime in Saigon, although it was headed at first by openly pro-French officers like Duong Van Minh, Lé Van Kim and Tran Van Don. Possibly he thought that for French-trained officers, these young men were singularly ill-bred or clumsy: to overthrow Diem was all right, but killing him was a different matter.

In any case, General de Gaulle had in mind more than some minor French cultural and economic interests in a small Asian country. Three months earlier, on August 29, 1963, he had made a declaration that stirred Hanoi as much as Washington and that can be summed up as follows: The Vietnamese conflict is political, not military, and it is by political means that it must be settled. The best way is to stop all foreign intervention and let the Vietnamese work out a solution among themselves, together with their Cambodian and Laotian neighbors. The word "neutralization" was not uttered, despite statements to the contrary, but it was the underlying idea and it was reiterated on many later occasions.

The Hope That Failed

From then on, General de Gaulle took a keen interest in the Vietnamese problem. He saw that in Hanoi and even in Peking his appeal had been well received; the French Embassy established in Peking would make contacts and thus negotiations easier. The scope of the soundings made by the General's emissaries and representatives has been overestimated; nevertheless, it was believed at the Elysée from the end of 1963 till February, 1965 that Hanoi might be induced to negotiate and that neither the Viet Cong nor Peking would completely block the way.

The best opportunity to start peace talks, so de Gaulle thought, was the Indochinese Peoples' Conference scheduled to open in February, 1965 in Pnom-Penh, Cambodia. Three months earlier, Dr. Pham Ngoc Thach, the Hanoi government's Minister of Health, a personal friend of Ho Chi Minh and the former Viet-minh leader in the South (his birthplace) had made an encouraging trip to Paris, and his later contacts at various levels (made with U Thant's help) had given UN circles some hope. The close relations between Prince Sihanouk and General de Gaulle, the "Indochinese" setting of the February '65 conference, the then recent election of Lyndon B. Johnson all seemed to be good omens for negotiations.

Assuming that the Communist camp was seeking a way to avoid peace talks, it found an excuse in the start of US bombings of the North on February 7, just when the Pnom-Penh Conference opened. General de Gaulle's hopes were thwarted, and his position on Indochina all through 1965 grew increasingly pessimistic, as did his bitterness toward Washington. When George Ball was in Paris last July and Arthur Goldberg in December, he told them how well he understood and sympathized with their government's difficulties. But he regarded the resumption of the bombings and particularly its timing a few hours before the opening of the UN debate – a debate frought with risks in any event – as an unprecedented strategic mistake. Hence his cordial letter last month to Mr. Ho and his cold, if not caustic, letter to LBJ.

Even before the resumption of US bombing of the North, however, the General had reason for pessimism. His last two emissaries to Asia, André Malraux and Jean Chauvel, had reported their doubts as to Peking's willingness to refrain from vetoing negotiations that would enable Washington to find an honorable way out. In Hanoi, Mr. Chauvel, who had been one of the main French negotiators in Geneva, was well received by Prime Minister Pham Van Dong. He left with the impression that if the North Vietnamese had the final say, talks would be possible, provided the bombings of the North stopped indefinitely and there were a "de-escalation" of the war in the South. But there remained the negative attitude of Peking and of the Viet Cong.

Why has France been exerting its subtle influence in an area from which she seemed to have been eliminated and where she has no strong political leverage? There are French economic interests in Vietnam (Terres Rouges plantation, Michelin, etc., as well as industrial enterprises like the Indochina breweries and ice plants), but they belong to the post-colonial era, and de Gaulle has shown elsewhere, for instance in Algeria, that he cares little about the French *colons* and French private interests. His sly pleasure in teaching Washington a "lesson" is a different matter: he would like nothing better than to give the US government grounds for gratitude to him. What matters to him above everything else is the enhancement of France's position in the world; he wishes to give her a brilliant role in peace, in a region where she had been humiliated. He wants to win over the noncommitted nations

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that are eager for the war to end. He seeks an active part in a major international drama, one in which political experience may be of great help, and where French culture – even if not a vital factor – is, nevertheless, a political asset.

Could Charles de Gaulle in his old age be dreaming of becoming another Edward Grey? But the "honest broker" must have greater reticence and greater power than the General possesses. Above all, the "honest broker" needs friends on both sides, and de Gaulle can hardly boast of any friends in official Washington. His work can bear fruit only if he is a link in a chain of "good offices" stretching from East to West and including the Poles, U Thant and the Pope. The great individualist is confined, therefore, to a humbler role than he had hoped for – in an ensemble. And even in that ensemble, he needs Peking's permission to play the part he writes for himself.

The Philippines

"Sugar, Rice and a Great Deal of Vice"

by Alex Campbell

Manila

This year a World War II guerrilla fighter against the Japanese, Ferdinand E. Marcos, took office as the sixth President of the Philippines. So intense is Filipino political infighting that no President has yet been elected to a second four-year term. Some people say that Marcos, who was elected to Congress in 1949 and was a Senator from 1959, is the Philippines' last hope: after him the deluge, if he fails (as his once highly thought of predecessor in office, Diosdado Macapagal, conspicuously failed) to arrest the sad downward drift of his country's economy when the population, now 30 million, has the fastest rate of growth in the world.

Entering on his first and probably last term of office thus heavily burdened, President Marcos last month promptly acquired a further handicap, reported to have been laid upon him by President Johnson. The White House is said to have used every possible pressure, including sending Hubert Humphrey to the Philippines twice in a matter of weeks, to get a reluctant Marcos to "show the Philippines' flag" in South Vietnam, by dispatching a military engineering unit there and so becoming the first Asian member of the Southeast Asian Treaty Organization to respond to the Saigon government's appeal to SEATO for military help. The Philippines already has doctors and nurses in South Vietnam, and about 3,000 construction laborers, but had not contemplated doing much more, except perhaps organizing donations by the general public of such items that might be useful to the South Vietnamese as dried fish, used clothing and rubber shoes, which was proposed by Marcos' new Secretary of Foreign Affairs, Narcisco Ramos.

The White House's request for more was a bitter pill for Marcos, in spite of sweetening suggestions of a big American stabilization loan, and American help (gunboats and radar equipment) in combating the pernicious smuggling that is currently costing the Philippines government about $350 million a year. First, it was bound to land him in trouble at the very outset of his term, not only in the House of Representatives but also in the Senate where his main strength lies; sure enough, Senator Lorenzo Sumulong, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, opposed the engineering battalion idea, as did the House Foreign Affairs Committee chairman, Representative Emmanuel Pelaez. They argued that South Vietnam had "no pressing need" for Philippines assistance. Second, Marcos had previously declared himself against all unnecessary expenditure and for extreme fiscal prudence, and sending the engineers will cost $9 million, equivalent to an eighth of the Philippines' total defense budget.

Beseeched by the White House and besieged by members of his own Congress, Marcos announced that the men sent to South Vietnam would build roads "in secure areas"; moreover, all would be volunteers. Nevertheless criticisms of the United States filled the Manila air, and Marcos had to go along with a couple of vaguely anti-American investigations, to show he

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wasn't being Uncle Sam's stooge. Acting as his own Defense Secretary, he ordered his defense officials to "clarify" the dispatch to Vietnam from the Philippines of 1.6 million rounds of carbine ammunition and 20,000 artillery shells which the 25,500-man Philippines army had received under the military assistance pact with the US (and never used). And he retired back to the army Lt. Col. José Lukban, head of the National Bureau of Investigation, following allegations that the boss of the Philippines' FBI was secretly working for the United States Central Intelligence Agency.

A Company Town

Filipinos have reasons to be sensitive about their special relationship with the United States. Some Americans still behave as if the Philippines is nothing more than a company town, and they, the Americans, are the company. They find the labor docile on the whole, and cherish the illusion, dear to all tycoons, that the workers revere their bosses and are loyal to the company. It follows, of course, that any unrest that makes itself felt must be caused by agitators, probably Communists. Filipinos don't love Americans, or hate them either; they do resent them. After having been ruled first by Spaniards, then by Americans and also brutally overrun by Japanese, the only way many Filipinos seem able to express the nationalist fervor they genuinely feel is to resent the United States. Ever since World War II, they have been mad at the US for allegedly helping Japan, instead of the Philippines, regain economic strength in Asia. Yet US economic aid to the Philippines, in grants alone, amounts to $1 billion since 1946. (And about another $500 million in military aid.) In spite of it, Senate President Arturo M. Tolentino can ruefully, but accurately, describe the Philippines as "short of capital, talent and markets." The US maintains enormous military bases in Clark Field and Subic Bay; and with the Vietnam war, increasing numbers of wounded Americans are brought here for treatment, and ships for repair. About 40,000 American servicemen are stationed in the Philippines; and there may be as many as 16,000 American sailors on shore leave here all at once, an awesome sight. But what Filipinos chiefly think about the bases is that in the past 12 years some threescore people "trespassing" have been shot at and killed by Americans. (Now at last the Philippines' own courts have jurisdiction over some cases.) Manila's lively, reckless newspapers (18 including Chinese) work off Filipino resentments by mercilessly flaying Americans most of the time.

Americans here mutter darkly about "Communists" when what actually happens is that Filipino nationalist sentiment is coolly inflamed by forces that are concerned with profits. A rising class of Filipino businessmen wants to elbow out foreign capital, especially American, in order to have the exclusive rights to exploit an abundant and intelligent labor force whose members are lucky if they earn as much as $50 a month. Filipino capitalists own the newspapers and magazines that feature loud "left-wing" criticisms of the United States. (The *Manila Chronicle*, loudest voice of all, is owned by Marcos' Vice President, Fernando Lopez, who also controls what are probably the biggest sugar properties in the Philippines.) It came as a shock to American businessmen to find that the Retail Trade Law, which came into effect in 1964 and was ostensibly aimed at Chinese businesses, is really aimed at them. The law says only Filipino or American citizens, or firms owned wholly by them, can engage in retail trade. The reason for the Americans' apparent exemption is the special "parity" clause of the Philippines Constitution, which in conjunction with Philippine-US trade agreements gives Americans the same rights as Filipinos until 1974, when "parity" is to end. The exemption has turned out to be only apparent, because in order to qualify a firm must be *wholly* Filipino-owned or *wholly* American-owned. When it was pointed out to the staggered American business community here that having a single foreign shareholder would disqualify their companies, they took refuge in the argument that the big American companies, like oil companies, are not in retail trade. They did not find refuge for long. The Philippine courts ruled that "retail trade" means any commercial activity involving an end consumer. On this ruling, almost any enterprise can be classified as engaged in "retail trade."

The other side of the "parity" coin is that, until 1974, Philippine products enjoy special tariff or quota privileges in the US market. It is hinted widely in Manila that the country's sugar barons are anxious to go on enjoying their special privileges after 1974, and that when the newspapers they control raise hell about the iniquity of "parity" for American business here, they are actually trying a little blackmail, in hope of doing a horse-trade. If this fails, their criticisms of the US may stand them in good stead when they come to sell their sugar to mainland China. Meanwhile, "parity" is a red rag to Filipinos. William P. Bundy, speaking for the State Department, said in Manila that the US had no intention of trying to have parity extended beyond 1974, and may have thought this was soothing, but soon discovered his error. Filipinos at once were up in arms at what they held to be the implication that the US has the right even to suggest extending parity after 1974. "Is Bundy hinting that the US will dare to try?" demanded the hot-tempered Manila newspapers. Filipino logic can be quite Bengali.

Americans, who imagine the Manila newspapers have been infiltrated by Communists who then dictate an

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anti-American line to the proprietors, naturally read the worst of meanings into a recent anti-Vietnam war demonstration by Filipino students at the American Embassy in Manila. Actually the demonstration was small, and conducted with a decorum more appropriate to an outing from a nunnery. "Sure, I went to the Embassy," one pretty girl student told me, "but I only did it for the heck of it." Filipinos love using American slang, even when protesting their Filipinoness. Young Filipinos are still encapsulated in Spanish Catholicism and culture as well as being wrapped in the Stars and Stripes. That is why they talk constantly about needing to find their true identity.

Communism has little appeal even to the most desperately poor or angrily nationalist Filipinos, if only because it makes them think of China and the country's 360,000 Chinese are scowled at as traditional enemies. The Communist Party has been banned in the Philippines (since 1957) and Filipinos must have special sanction, involving a security check, to visit any Communist country. When Foreign Secretary Ramos visited East Berlin from West Berlin recently without seeking official permission from Manila, he was technically breaking the law. The once-feared "Huks" (*Hukbo ng Bayan Laban sa Hapon*, or People's Army to Fight the Japanese) consist of about 150 small-time bandits and hoodlums, who may count on about 5,000 people to give them shelter and a meal if in need. The police last month (February) claimed to have arrested Pedro A. Taruc, the top Huk leader, but it turned out that the man they nabbed was actually a plowmaker of the utmost respectability. Of the alleged Communists who suspicious Americans say put the party line into the press, a cooler British resident remarks: "They are somewhat to the left of the younger British Tories – but not much."

"A Great Deal of Vice"

What then are the Philippines made of? Sugar, rice and a great deal of vice. Corruption is the despair of everyone, including President Marcos. The American cigarettes and other sought-after consumer items that are smuggled in from Hong Kong and North Borneo are only the tip of the racket; most smuggling takes place through the customs, with Buicks gaily waved ashore and officially entered as "books." Crime is rife: the British Ambassador was stuck up in broad daylight, on Manila's main street in sight of a passerby who determinedly ignored his shouts.

Unemployment is staggering: almost 2 million, in a labor force of just over 10 million. Yet there is also inflation; in 18 months prices have risen 10 percent and wages only three percent. The official figure of population growth is 3.2 percent, but demographers studying the latest trends think it's more like 3.8 percent, a world record. Yet the economic growth rate has fallen from a low 4 percent to a more dismal 3 percent.

COMING: *Alex Campbell from Saigon – Vietnamese want peace, Americans want victory*

With almost exactly the same amount of land under cultivation, Japan grows enough rice to feed nearly 100 million people; the Philippines does not grow nearly enough to feed 30 million. The country has the smallest yields per acre in all Asia. One consequence is that low as town incomes are, rural incomes are lower still and the gap between them is growing. Former President Macapagal regarded land reform as the key to eventual industrialization and economic "takeoff," but three percent of the population still own 98 percent of the land, in spite of brave-sounding programs like EDCOR (Economic Development Corps) and SPREAD (Systematic Program for Economic Assistance and Development). Rice production has gone up a little, but only by opening up new areas to rice growing, not by improving yields per acre. Los Baños, a college center of farm research and crop improvement, exists dreamlike in a vacuum, its modern-looking campus unconnected with the farming areas. There are village improvement workers who are paid by the government; but they all live in Manila.

Between 60 and 70 percent of the voters live in rural areas, and are almost totally without political awareness. The country's 24 senators run at large, in an area sprawled over 400 inhabited islands with almost no roads. The last elections cost about 100 million pesos, about eight percent of the nation's budget; in US terms this would be the equivalent of about $8 billion! Not surprisingly, Congress remains largely in the hands of big landlords and industrialists. There are two parties, Liberal and Nacionalista. In practice this means voters choosing between two rich candidates, sometimes even belonging to the same family. Votes are openly bought and paid for. When money raised by public subscription in Manila was handed over to a rural official for distribution to victims of last year's volcano disaster, he told them: "You're getting this because you voted

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right; don't vote wrong or, next time the volcano erupts, you'll get no help."

Last year, Senator Raul Manglapus again tried to get a liberal third party going; it still didn't work. Now he talks of cajoling the new Filipino business class into aiding and abetting reform, modernizing the country, and incidentally providing jobs for the 150,000 graduates the colleges turn out each year to be unemployed. But Manila's 600 entrepreneurs who already produce 15 percent of the national income employ only about a quarter of a million people while the labor force increases by 1,000 every day. Besides, it's easier to make a fortune speculating in real estate in Manila than to start up a new enterprise or expand an old one. Some Filipino politicians, infected by Keynesian economists, talk of government planned investment; but the average politician asks: "The public sector? What's that?"

What President Marcos is up against is perhaps best illustrated by the way I finally got in to see him. He never received the letters I and others wrote, well ahead of my visit, requesting an appointment. Telephone calls to secretaries and other officials produced no results. Then, by accidental good fortune, I met a personal friend of his. Within an hour, we were inside Malacañang Palace, the White House of the Philippines. But so were dozens of other people, all waiting to see Marcos. We got to him after eight in the evening; he had been seeing people all day. While we talked, those still in the queue watched hungrily from the doorway, ready to grab their turn. The President's considerable charm didn't quite mask his fatigue.

Living with Their Neighbors

Marcos' predecessor, Macapagal, as almost his last presidential act appointed more than 1,700 supporters to government jobs. Marcos proposes to get rid of dead wood, including 19 army generals. But already it is being whispered that if he does, it will only be to fill the vacancies with supporters of his own, who need jobs. Some people who supported him are saying already that "it is too soon to know if Marcos will be a success." Filipino politics are fluid and fickle, as Marcos well knows; he himself brazenly switched parties to become a Nacionalista president. Since his swearing in he has been busy cleaning the Augean stables that confront all new Philippine presidents – in his case, use of official stamps on smuggled cigarettes, and a racket that supplied prison convicts with pardons forged inside the prison. He has ordered increased rice production, set up an "operations room" to which all cabinet ministers must report the progress of their departments, and promises to get the economic growth rate back up to four percent by the end of his first year in office, and to five percent in 1967.

Marcos has declared war to the death on the smugglers, most of whom he says are Chinese. They may well be, but Filipinos tend to make the Chinese – and the Americans – scapegoats. Though the median Philippine family income is only $250 a year, many Chinese making $2,000 a year are refused citizenship on the ground that their incomes are too low. Marcos has decided to recognize Malaysia – Macapagal wouldn't because of the Philippines' claim to North Borneo, now part of Malaysia – but Malaysians entering the Philippines who in the judgment of Filipino officials have "Chinese physical characteristics" will still be fingerprinted. Malaysians who object to this genuinely surprise Filipinos, who say: "But we are not discriminating against you Malaysians! These people are only Chinese!" It so happens that 40 percent of Malaysia's population, not counting Singapore, are of Chinese descent and most of the other 60 percent have some Chinese blood – as many Filipinos do.

Marcos aims at an economic linkup of the Philippines, Malaysia and Thailand, in ASA, Association of Southeast Asia. He has temporarily lost interest in Maphilindo, a projected hookup of Malaysia, the Philippines and Indonesia. Ostensibly this is because the Indonesians failed to practice *musjawarah* (brotherly consultation); actually it's because Malaysia voted for Manila to be the headquarters of the new Asia Development Bank, which has $1 billion in capital funds. Besides, Indonesia is broke.

On Vietnam, Marcos says he is glad the US is fighting there, for this shows the West realizes that "Asia is the real battlefield of today and tomorrow." In amplification, Foreign Secretary Ramos explains the US involvement in Vietnam relieves Filipinos who feared that in a pinch the US might withdraw from Asia and adopt once again a "Europe first" foreign policy. But the majority of Filipinos obviously have no urgent desire to get involved in Vietnam themselves. Some even prefer to think a little further ahead than tomorrow, and point out that they have to live with their Asian neighbors, including mainland China, as well as with the US. This is still a tentative as well as a minority view. In spite of their depressing economic situation and appalling politics, Filipinos are cheerful, warmhearted, impulsively generous and essentially optimistic people who tend to believe that they will always manage to muddle through somehow. They are neither pro-Communist nor pro-Chinese. Chances are they will tolerate the American bases for as long as they are supposed to – the agreed date is now 1985 – and may tolerate American business beyond 1974. But in terms of international relations, neither date is really far off, and before either is reached, more Filipinos will be thinking seriously about their place in Asia and their relations with China. US policy ought to be receptive to that. If it isn't, the next demonstrations at the US Embassy in Manila may be neither small nor decorous.

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The Dark Angel

by Ned O'Gorman

There is a pose in contemporary American letters that is austere, ascetic, biased toward sentimental severity. Rather than producing a new and flourishing literature, it is producing a paltry, doric, creative lamentation.

Marguerite Young is a writer of impeccable abundance. *Miss MacIntosh, My Darling* is, I think, one of the Marvels of American literature, an example

Angel in the Forest
by Marguerite Young
(Scribners; $5.95)

of the particular American genius (Melville, Faulkner, Hawthorne) of joining myth, reality, mystery and folk ritual into a tangy whole. That novel was greeted with arthritic anxiety by the critics, revealing in them a fear of plenitude, an abhorrence of mystery and an inability to cope with the limits of the creative act. Miss Young's *Angel in the Forest* was first published in 1945. The second printing it demanded never appeared. Now it reappears (from another house) and it is an event.

Angel in the Forest is the history of two Utopian communities: the Rappites, founded by Father Rapp, an immigrant German visionary, early in the 19th Century, first in Pennsylvania and in two subsequent "manifestations" in Indiana and, after certain troubles, back again in Pennsylvania; and Robert Owen's Owenites, founded in Harmony on the Banks of the Wabash, on the site of the second and most flourishing Rappite community. She traces each Utopia from its beginnings to its settlings and its final hours, with the canny accuracy of an imagination that takes nothing for granted, neither the vanities of the maddest visionary, the presumptions of the sanest laborite or the seeming good will of the most zealous Utopian hope. In both of these communities she sees the shadowy malevolence beneath that mandate of love that rejects, in the name of man and society, or man and God, this world for either a world of pure spirit (the Rappites) or for a world of pure laborite matter (the Owenites), though even the founders of the Owenites ended in demented spiritualism. The world, she says, is damnably real.

Father Rapp despised the world. He formed his community so that his followers would be able to live out this endurance of flesh with the least possible trouble. Marriage was forbidden, children forbidden, life ordered so that any sloppy manner it might succumb to would be nipped in the bud. Trumpets marked milking time and the humble, chaste, angelic folk walked in twos. With deadly pomp Rapp conducted funerals and heard confessions. It was an offense to tear ones garments, slam a door, dispose of half spoiled food. Rapp, in his turreted mansion, like a crippled prophet, seethed with maxims and prophecies on this so tenuous span of days, for the Angel in the Forest said, when it brought Rapp his mandate, that each day "the earth turns on its axis is a step nearer the end, and a simplification of existence."

But soon the idea of Eden – chaste, ordered, celibate, humorless – collapsed and Rapp and his followers faded away. The founder, swaddled in rugs, fell into sorrow and dreamed of the Holy Land. He died making a prophetic utterance and with him died something at once ugly, mad and lyrically pitiful. In the style of Miss Young's craft he emerges the Hero of an epic so intensely anti-real that in the burlesque of his enthusiasm and visionary conceit, he appears, indeed, a Hero.

Rapp sold his land in Harmony to Robert Owen, the man who hoped, in the 19th Century, to bring to England in her agony of industrial expansion some semblance of Utopia. "Villages of Cooperation" he called them, where the poor could combine farming with industry and exchange products among themselves. But the English found the ideas of this primitive laborite extreme, so he fled to America and on the very land where Rapp had failed, he began. The spirit of Rapp, was, as I have suggested, malevolent. It opposed life and in its stead tried to build a chaste, sterile, safe, pseudo anti-life. Owen, who found life to be a thing constructed entirely by society – the way a common bush is turned into gardens of topiaries – was dogged in Harmony by the spirit of Father Rapp whose angel, more dark than light, came that awesome day to bless the immigrant with divine mission. (The Angel is described with ravishing cunning by Miss Young in the second chapter.) That Angel had infected the world of Harmony on the Banks of the Wabash in Southern Indiana, with a physical and spiritual lunacy that could not but, in the end, destroy whatever came there to settle. Owen's ideas were as simplistic in their earthiness as Rapp's were simplistic in their perverse otherworldiness. Owen held, among a raft of equally imperfect ideals, that to be a man was to be rational, that commonness of property was a first principal of all societies and that all Owenites were to be kind and courteous. (Already one sees the trap of Utopia beginning to snap.) To live in such a world demanded grimy, incessant labor. A comunity that would be *all* to *all* its members had to set itself the most rigorous of regimens to cover all possibilities. (That all possibilities had to be covered was the downfall too of the Rappites. Mankind always has one impish, destructive possibility that cannot ever be covered.) The women grew unhappy – a sure sign of the beginning of the end – the leaders quarrelled, there were hints of financial scandal and most of all there fell over that most sensible of Utopias the shadow of spiritualism. When the community finally collapsed the leader, Robert Owen, and subsequently his heir, Robert Dale, sank like sacred willows into

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LEADING CONTENDERS

National Book Awards

ON TUESDAY, MARCH 15, the five winners of 1966 National Book Awards will be announced in a presentation ceremony at Philharmonic Hall in New York. Meanwhile, these are among the books by American authors published in the United States in 1965 which the judges regard as among the most distinguished:

FICTION

PETER MATTHIESSEN / At Play in the Fields of the Lord / Random House
KATHERINE ANNE PORTER / The Collected Stories of Katherine Anne Porter / Harcourt, Brace and World
JAMES MERRILL / The (Diblos) Notebook / Atheneum
FLANNERY O'CONNOR / Everything That Rises Must Converge / Farrar, Straus and Giroux
JESSE HILL FORD / The Liberation of Lord Byron Jones / Atlantic-Little, Brown
HARRY PETRAKIS / Pericles on 31st Street / Quadrangle Books

Judges: Paul Horgan, J. F. Powers, Glenway Wescott

ARTS AND LETTERS

LIONEL TRILLING / Beyond Culture / The Viking Press
RENÉ WELLEK / A History of Modern Criticism / Yale University Press
PHILIP RAHV / The Myth and the Powerhouse / Farrar, Straus and Giroux
JANET FLANNER (GENET) / Paris Journal 1944-1965 / Atheneum
ALFRED KAZIN / Starting Out in the Thirties / Atlantic-Little, Brown
R. W. B. LEWIS / Trials of the Word / Yale University Press

Judges: Francis Fergusson, Walter Kerr, Norman Holmes Pearson

SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

EDGAR Z. FRIEDENBERG / Coming of Age in America / Random House
CHARLES FRANKEL / The Love of Anxiety / Harper and Row
ALICE KIMBALL SMITH / A Peril and a Hope / University of Chicago Press
BENTLEY GLASS / Science and Ethical Values / University of North Carolina Press

Judges: John Kenneth Galbraith, Ernest Nagel, James R. Newman

POETRY

W. H. AUDEN / About the House / Random House
JAMES DICKEY / Buckdancer's Choice / Wesleyan University Press
RANDALL JARRELL / The Lost World / The Macmillan Company
IRVING FELDMAN / The Pripet Marshes / The Viking Press
ELIZABETH BISHOP / Questions of Travel / Farrar, Straus and Giroux
RICHARD EBERHART / Selected Poems / New Directions
LOUIS SIMPSON / Selected Poems / Harcourt, Brace and World

Judges: Ben Belitt, Phyllis McGinley, Elder Olson

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

IRVING BRANT / The Bill of Rights / The Bobbs-Merrill Co.
EDWARD CHASE KIRKLAND / Charles Francis Adams, Jr. / Harvard University Press
ROBERT SHAPLEN / The Lost Revolution / Harper and Row
THEODORE H. WHITE / The Making of the President 1964 / Atheneum
RICHARD B. MORRIS / The Peacemakers / Harper and Row
ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR. / A Thousand Days / Houghton Mifflin and Co.

Judges: Julian P. Boyd, Lyman Butterfield, Louis Fischer

The National Book Awards are administered by the National Book Committee, a non-profit educational association. The awards consist of five $1,000 prizes donated by the American Book Publishers Council, the American Booksellers Association, and the Book Manufacturers' Institute.

the swamps of their imaginings. Disembodied voices, messages from the "other worlds" and impudent clairvoyants rushed in upon the ideal and destroyed it in a blast of ectoplasm.

The final pages of the book are bawdy, philosophical, mystical and epic in tone and historical precision. It is a work of immense erudition, a journey into America's past (the communities flourished between 1814 and 1827), a past difficult to imagine, what with our dull 20th-Century taste for visionaries and speculations that sprang up with messianic exuberance in the early days of this land when all was yet to be. Time and history, fact and interpretation of fact, fuse here into something not quite poetry, not quite history. What Miss Young has done is to create a religious epic occurring in that strange place in the world where the spirit and history meet in the depths of the imagination. The tale is crowded with superb originals. They are prophets, wearing the robes of their imagined myths, racing over the land like clowns and solemn half-mad priests, raging against sensation, world, industry, spirit, sex, marriage, life. Writing of Robert Owen, Miss Young hints at the theme of her tale:

> "We see Robert Owen as one who stands between two tidal movements – the withdrawing French Revolution, the rise of dialectical materialism. A 19th-Century man, his roots are in the 18th Century, his branches in the 20th. . . . He is not so much himself an individual as a symbol of the progressive spirit."

As the reader moves through the past, "through those monastic orders under the rule of clouded but practical supermen," Miss Young flashes us back to the modern town of *New* Harmony. We observe it with horror and humor. That Angel, that dark Angel, Father Rapp, Owen in conversation with Elijah and Jefferson and the turbulence of the prophets and their dyspeptic egoism seem to linger in the air. An undertaker, a sewer cleaner, lonely little children, a loony movie machine operator . . . but one meets too, in New Harmony some *embodied*, dark light refracted from the face of the Angel in the Forest.

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This is a book! At times Miss Young's assaults on all the possibilities of her Utopias and their prophets strand the mind on the reef of excessive wonder. But in this strange, stylish descent into history, America, the imagination, myth and reality, she accepts with brilliance and wisdom the plenteous, the voluptuous and the baroque grandness of the spirit. She creates a world of mystery, ambiguity, variety and cosmic plenitude. It is a masterwork.

Spanish Volunteers

by Stanley Weintraub

Although Vincent Brome prefaces his narrative with Auden's *Spain*, with its description of volunteers for the International Brigade who "clung like burrs to the long expresses that lurch / Through the unjust lands," and who "floated over the oceans" or "walked the passes . . . to present their lives," the epic qualities of their collective gesture are thrust into the background.

The International Brigades: Spain 1936-1939
by Vincent Brome
(Morrow; $6)

Yet the stories of the volunteers make small epics. In some cases it took Odyssean trials to get to Spain and then get home again; while some of the sieges in which they participated – Madrid, Teruel – were modern *Iliads*.

Christopher Caudwell, soon to be a volunteer, mused (in an essay on T. E. Lawrence) that "A man can do no more than risk and perhaps lose his life." Not many months afterward, Caudwell, who had written serious poetry and Marxist criticism, detective thrillers and a psychological novel, five books on aviation and another on physics, and who – at 17 – had invented an infinitely variable gear for automobiles, died at his machine gun while covering a retreat of the British Battalion of the Internationals. He was twenty-nine and almost certainly had a brilliant, many-sided future ahead.

For many of the forty thousand Europeans and Americans who, like him, illegally made hazardous crossings of the Pyrenees into Spain, or arrived in overloaded, unseaworthy fishing smacks, getting there was only the initial danger. Less than half came out alive.

In the chaos of the first weeks of war, international volunteers emerged spontaneously on the Loyalist side. Early suggestions for an organized force had come from such non-Communists as Italian Republican Randolfo Pacciardi, but they were turned down by Largo Caballero, then Prime Minister of Spain. Eventually the Kremlin came cautiously to the conclusion that an international militia it controlled would be an opportunity to gain additional footholds in European Popular Front alliances, which were reaching the height of their influence. By then desperate for aid, the Republic approved the venture.

The nucleus of the Communist-organized Brigades consisted of about six hundred men then living in Russia after having been expelled from their home countries for revolutionary activities. For Stalin they were a source of discomfort as long as they remained in his closed society. The opportunity to provide convenient exile and employment for the anti-fascist refugees was one he welcomed. They too welcomed the chance to get out of Russia and enforced inactivity. Recruiting to augment the Brigades then began under cover of progressive political groups and trade unions. Organized underground railroads brought most of the volunteers illegally to Spain – illegally because of the cowardice of the West in refusing to counter Italian and German support of Franco with its own aid to the Republic. Nazi pilots flew German-made bombers in support of

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the rebels and Italian infantrymen (many of whom thought they were going to soft garrison duty in newly conquered Ethiopia) openly fought for Franco in division-sized units.

By comparison, the International Brigades were a pathetic patchwork, manipulated by the Kremlin at long distance, or, more directly, by megalomaniac Communists like former Black Sea mutineer André Marty, who operated the Internationals' Albacete base as a personal fief and executed hundreds of volunteers he suspected of political unreliability. That the Brigades achieved any positive results was tribute to individual courage under fire, of the more effective unit commanders and subordinate officers, some of whom had Red Army or First World War backgrounds, others whose military experience ranged from meager to nonexistent. Paradoxically, a number of Internationals had previously been militant only in their pacifism.

The story of what happened to the five International Brigades after the saving of Madrid is the story of Moscow's increasing disenchantment with their political utility, and gradual withdrawal of whatever military support Russia had been able to get through the blockade. On November 1, 1937, a year after the first volunteers were deployed in the defense of Madrid, the Internationals were formally incorporated into the Republican Army, and some decimated units were returned to numerical strength by an infusion of Spanish recruits. The trickle of volunteers had nearly ended by early 1938, and by the end of the year the Internationals left the remnants of Government-held Spain, fulfilling the hypocrisy of the Non-Intervention Committee's program for withdrawal of all foreign combatants from either side. By then the war was all but over; Franco could spare his imported divisions.

As Brome's account suggests, not all the tattered warriors were robot-like Comrades. Perhaps somewhat more than half of the Internationals were or thereafter became Communists, and for some rising Party stalwarts – the Titos and the Togliattis – the experience proved useful. Some American volunteers rode Spanish reputations into the Party hierarchy, then spent years chafing under the rigidities of Kremlin dogma before tearing up their membership cards. Others whose careers Brome follows into the sixties returned to lives twisted or wrecked by the association of their service to a politically suspect cause. Now, in the perspective of a seemingly permanent Cold War, it is harder than it was in the late '30's to see any vestiges of moral grandeur in the cause for which the men of the International Brigades fought – and Brome, accenting the seamier aspects, sees little himself.

One of the few changes from the 1965 English edition of the book is the replacement of some British-oriented photographs with more illustrations of American participants. The errors in the text itself are reproduced unaltered. But the book – more journalism than history – sketches in a necessary beginning. A generation after the civil war in Spain, Orwellian political inversions continue to distort the picture. The International Brigades were neither a millennial example of brotherhood in arms nor a band of fanatical Soviet subversives. What Vincent Brome has supplied may be useful as source material for a dispassionate – or at least more complete – future story of a foredoomed venture.

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TELEVISION

What's News at CBS?

It was in March of 1963, near the end of the longest newspaper strike in New York history, when I got the call from CBS News. "Television," I thought, "wave of the future . . . electronic journalism . . . all that *money*." The starting salary was $210 a week, but every time I wrote a sponsored network news broadcast I got a fee.

"What's the fee for?"

"That's your talent fee. But you only get them if you write sponsored network newscasts. If you write a local show, you get nothing."

"Why?"

"Don't try to understand it. Just enjoy it."

The fee breakdown was interesting. For example, at 12:23 p.m. and 3:24 p.m. Monday through Friday, CBS News presents three minutes of news sandwiched in between the soap operas. The writer earns a fee of $3.30 for each show. The producer, as befitting his higher station, gets $12.50 for each show. But the director, who is outranked by the producer and who makes no news decisions (but who gets almost as much base pay) pulls in $35 a show.

I was one of two writers assigned to a one-hour morning local news show broadcast in New York at 7 a.m.

"Nobody watches it," the other writer told me.

But after a while, I was ready for bigger things and was assigned to the 3:24 p.m. network show and the 30-minute early evening local news. Here, I was taught the bulletin procedure. A bulletin interrupts programming to bring listeners a headline summary of some vital development.

"What kind of things do we bulletin?"

"Well," my editor said, "let's say that city hall burned down. That would be a local bulletin. But if a plane carrying a hundred people crashed into city hall, that would be a network bulletin."

"Suppose there were only sixty people on the plane?"

"Still a network bulletin."

"How about twenty-five?"

"Well, if it crashed into city hall, it would make the net, but if it crashed at Idlewild, there'd be a question. If you were on when it happened, you could check with somebody."

"Who?"

"Oh, Ernie or me or whoever is on."

"Well, would *you* make it a network bulletin with 25 aboard?"

"That's a toughie. Let's hope it never happens."

I later learned that, in addition to numbers killed, there is sort of a national origins criterion, too. For network purposes, the death of 12 Americans on a bus in Ohio is as important as the death of 23 Frenchmen, 32 Mexicans, 93 Chinese Nationalists, or 234 Chinese Communists.

One day, a minor Greek Cypriot official (he was to the Greek Cypriot government what I was to CBS) went to a meeting in London. The purpose of the meeting was to get the Turks and the Greeks on Cyprus to stop shooting at each other. The Greek came out of the meeting and said that Greeks would fight for liberty on Cyprus, "even though it means a third World War." Reuters news service promptly moved a bulletin using the "third World War" quote.

AP and UPI didn't touch it and we, in the newsroom, wouldn't touch it, either.

Then, from one of the television monitors on the newsroom wall, the NBC News bulletined the Reuters bulletin.

A top CBS News executive was standing in the newsroom: "Where the hell is *our* bulletin?"

"Ah-uh, well, we passed it," said the news editor on duty.

"You passed it? Why the hell did you do that? Let's get that bulletin on the air."

So the news editor took the Reuters bulletin and rewrote it (CBS hates to read raw wire service copy over the air because that stuff went out in the '30s), and CBS News put the bulletin

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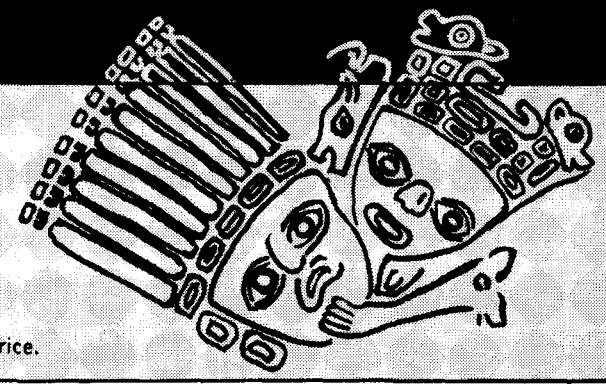

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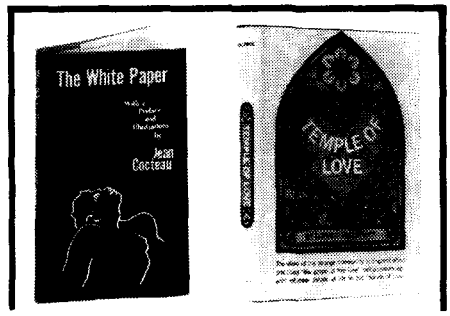

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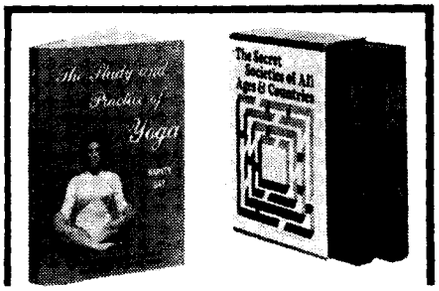

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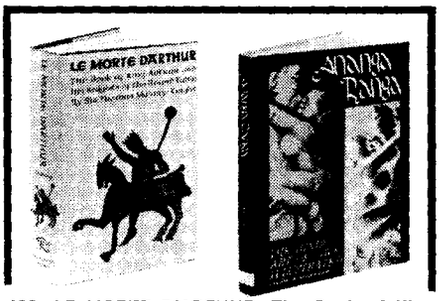

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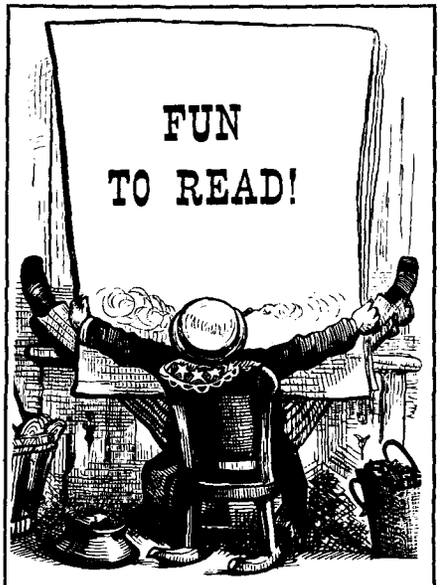

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BOOKS-ON-FILE

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on the network, about 12 minutes after NBC. The bulletin was preceded by the ominous "WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM TO BRING YOU A BULLETIN FROM CBS NEWS" and my colleagues and I wondered what effect the "third World War" phrase had on our listeners.

"We've got to stay on the ball with these bulletins," the executive said, lighting a cigar.

Rule: Bulletins shouldn't interrupt commercials! The policy was spelled out last September 24 in a memo from CBS News executive Ralph Paskman to the staff:

"Commercials should not be stepped on by a bulletin except in those very rare instances where the urgency is so great that the bulletins must be broadcast without delay."

The role of writers at CBS News was summed up two months ago by a lady guide who was taking new CBS employees through the production center on West 57th Street. ". . . and this is the network newsroom," she told them. "Radio is on this side of the room and television is over there. These people here are writers. They take the news from those machines over there, copy it down on a piece of paper and give it to an announcer to read over the air."

Sometimes even writers who "copy" stories from the wires need to research things. Both the CBS Evening News with Walter Cronkite and the CBS Morning News with Mike Wallace have budgets for researchers. The two three-minute shows have none. Nor does the half-hour Saturday version of the Evening News or the 15-minute Sunday News. And the CBS News Library is closed on week ends. I worked the week-end shows for a year, and on a couple of occasions, when I thought the wire service stories were incomplete, I called the *Herald Tribune* library (open on week ends) and got the information from a kindly librarian.

During the week, the people who work on the three-minute shows can use the library, if they're fast runners. The CBS Newsroom is on the first floor of 524 W. 57th Street; the CBS News Library is on the fifth floor of 518 W. 57th Street. In between are several labyrinthine interconnecting corridors and the second slowest elevator ride in the world. A half-hour from air time, no writer likes to contemplate this trip. He can't telephone the library for quick information, because the library has no messengers. (CBS has messengers, but they are someplace else in the building.)

The thing we call CBS News is in reality a series of fiefdoms, each lorded over by a producer and a star. Each fiefdom has its own budget, its own problems, its own goals, its own style, its own loyalties, its own serfs. The biggest fiefdom in the CBS kingdom is the Evening News with Walter Cronkite. This 30-minute show employs an executive producer, 2 ordinary producers, 5 associate producers, a director, 2 associate directors, 3 writers and a platoon of girls Friday and other assorted helpers. Contrast this with the 15-minute Sunday News, which has a producer, a director, an associate director and a writer, period. Not one girl Friday. And whereas a great deal of film is shot exclusively for use on Cronkite, the Sunday News must content itself pretty much with what comes in over the normally slow week end.

What about the people who report the news for CBS? They are almost as dependent on the wire services and print media as are the writers. CBS News reporters and correspondents are assigned almost exclusively to covering spot news (tips on which come from the wires) or features (tips on which come from the wires, newspapers or magazines). In my nearly three years of service, I never saw one reporter assigned to a long-range investigative project. At CBS if it hasn't been in print, it isn't news.

In the April, 1965 issue of *Harper's*, Robert E. Kintner, then president of NBC, recalled the state of news broadcasting and broadcasters back in the 1930's when he was a Washington newspaperman: "Newspapermen in those days – and I was among them – regarded broadcasters as upstarts, whose ideas of legwork was to run out and buy all the newspapers so they could read the headlines over the air."

Times have changed. Broadcasters no longer need to run out to buy newspapers. The newsapers are brought to

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them by copy boys. And anybody who earns $50,000, $75,000, $150,000 or more each year for reading rewritten wire copy over the air is not an upstart.

After my first year with CBS News, I decided to apply for a CBS Foundation News Fellowship. Eight such fellowships are awarded each year and there is a national competition for them. The purpose of the fellowships, according to CBS, is "to make it possible for a holder to select, from the wide curriculum of Columbia University, courses . . . which can contribute most advantageously to a broadening and strengthening of his background for continued work in news and public affairs." Each fellowship provides full tuition costs and a generous living stipend for a year of full-time study.

I told the review board that I wanted to study urban problems and I noted that CBS had yet to deal with most of the serious problems facing American cities. The review board agreed, awarded me a fellowship and off I went to Columbia for a year. Returning to the job last summer, I felt that CBS should get some benefit from my education, since it had paid the bills. So I sent extensive memoranda to four top CBS News executives (including Fred W. Friendly), suggesting ways in which CBS might begin to examine urban problems. Not a single memo was acknowledged. I called one executive who told me he thought there was merit in some of my proposals, but he wasn't sure when CBS would act. The network finally announced it would do "The Decline and Fall of the American City," featuring Louis Mumford. But the show was quietly dropped. At last report, the producer who was to do the show was with another network. Late in January, Mr. Friendly said that urban problems would be the next "big arena" for CBS News. "We're going to get into this obscene situation with both feet," he said. Shortly thereafter, Mr. Friendly quit CBS because it suspended its live coverage of the Senate hearings on Vietnam.

My last assignment for CBS News was to write a one-hour special dealing with the involvement of organized religion in the War on Poverty. It became apparent that many Protestants were fearful of accepting federal money to fight poverty because it threatened to alter the traditional separation of church and state in this country. I wrote several candid memos to the producer about what I had found, as well as a shooting script, at his request.

Then he told me that we had "hit a bump with the Protestants."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean some of them took exception to your focusing on this separation of church and state problem the way you did. They are very sensitive about it."

"How do they know what approach I am taking?" I asked. He told me. He had Xeroxed the memos and the shooting script and sent them to leaders of the three major faiths in New York who serve as "advisors" to the religion department of CBS News.

I asked the producer if he thought it was reasonable to ask the Protestants to be objective about an issue that so deeply divides them, and said that perhaps it might have been better to go ahead with the program without their prior approval.

"This is the way we have always done it," he said.

A new writer was assigned to the broadcast, which at last report, had shifted its focus to the *achievements* of organized religion in fighting poverty.

RICHARD SEVERO

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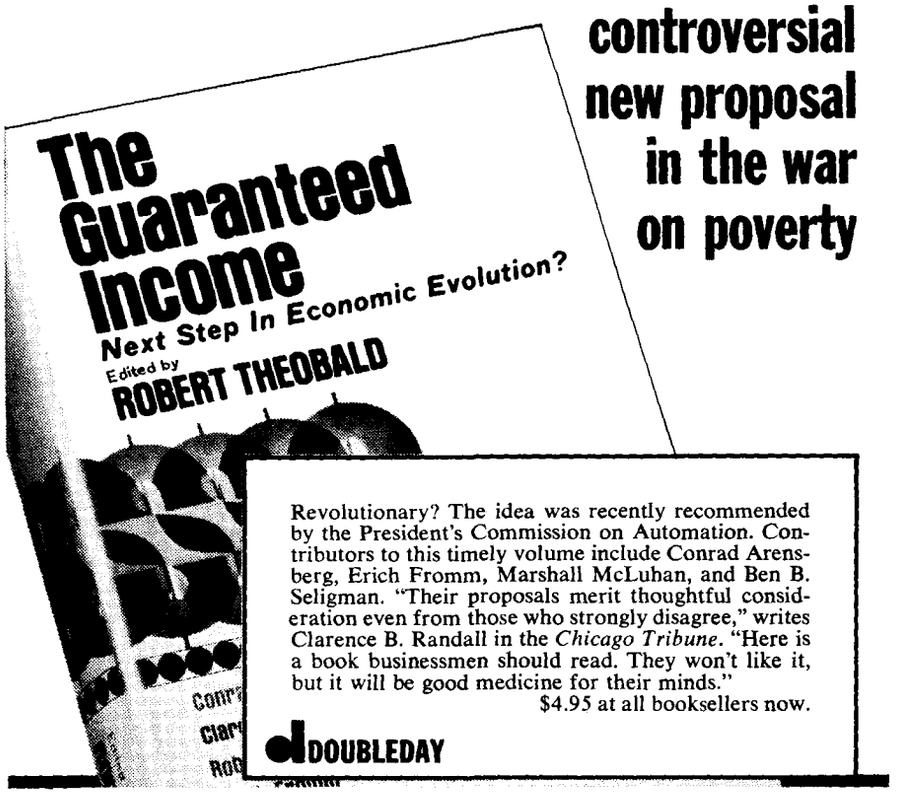

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GEORGE F. KENNAN'S HISTORIC DISSENT ON ESCALATION OF THE WAR IN VIETNAM

The special 12-page reprint of George F. Kennan's testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee is available from *The New Republic* reprint service . . .

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ART

Landscape at New London

According to local belief and it may be true, the first American art colony was established at Old Lyme, Connecticut, by Henry Ward Ranger in 1900. Ranger, a one-time student of Corot and Diaz in Paris, wanted to found "the American Barbizon," and oddly enough he did. What's more, just as the Barbizon painters gave way to the Impressionists, so the American Barbizon, in a very few years, became a headquarters for American Impressionism, for in 1903 Childe Hassam arrived in Old Lyme, decided it was exactly the place for his desired light and subjects and set up his easel. Hassam was not a long-time, permanent resident, but his influence endured for decades among the artists who did become old-time Old Lymers.

It's a pretty town. Eastern Connecticut generally has not been subject to the ravages of realty as the state has in the southwest. There is a string of coastal towns around New London, some of them former ports, whose preservation seems miraculous. Old Lyme is one of them. The town is on the east bank of the Connecticut River just as it flows into Long Island Sound. There is a handful of smaller streams and brooks coming into sound or river at the point. There's water all over the place, reflecting light and giving the air a limpid quality. It is easy, even today, to see what attracted Ranger and Hassam.

As is often the case with developments in American art, the Old Lyme colony depended for much of its durability and for its physical center upon a woman, Miss Florence Griswold, the only surviving child of an Old Lyme ship owner. Miss Florence was approached by Ranger, enthusiastically agreed with his plans, and turned her house into an art center. Some rooms and most of the outbuildings became studios. Today the mansion is operated by a local historical association and it's an instructive, evocative place to visit, as is the town.

Hassam's picture of the church at Old Lyme, leaves fluttering in the light before the severe and noble building, is one of the enduring images of America. Less well known, but with some of the same effect of a final statement on a theme, is Willard Metcalf's picture – a winner of the Corcoran Gold Medal in its time – of the Griswold Mansion in the moonlight, with a misty feminine figure, possibly Miss Florence herself, floating across the lawn. Over the years Miss Florence picked up the tab for board and lodging for many of the artists. In gratitude or in house custom, they painted the panels of her house and the interior is a fascinating record of a long run for an art colony. Many of the panels are minor works by the artists in their usual style. But, for one, Henry Rankin Poore did a long strip over the mantel of the dining room that shows a couple of dozen of the first batch of artists in residence at work in the fields and joining in a fox hunt. That long painting passes on better than anything the spirit of permanent holiday that can pervade such an assemblage without interfering with the work.

The work that was accomplished may be seen, through March 13, at New London's Lyman Allen Museum, where the girls of a Connecticut College seminar on museum operation have put together a large and altogether lovely show of "The Art Colony at Old Lyme, 1900-1935."

The Old Lyme manner was fashioned of a combination of Hassam and Ranger and even more than in the corre-

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Ned O'Gorman's *newest collection of poems is* Buzzards and the Peacock. Stanley Weintraub's *forthcoming book* The Last Great Cause *is about the Spanish Civil War.*

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sponding French manners of Impressionism and Barbizon, the differences recede as you look at the pictures. What is more interesting is the sheer survival of the school through three-and-a-half decades. Ranger was already a full generation behind – and in those days a generation tended to a generation, not a season – when he came to Old Lyme. When Hassam got there, the international art clock was in the Fauves and about to chime out Cubism. The Armory Show exploded a few years later, yet the painters and their patrons kept on coming to Old Lyme and turning out a vast amount of quite decent work in a manner quite obsolete. The New London show is without a note of the old-fashioned. The moral may well be that obsolescence in art is often like that in washing machines and automobiles – planned.

Ranger, as might be expected, emerges as the dominant figure in the Barbizon part of the show, as does Hassam in the Impressionist. Hassam, in recent years at least, has fared better as a surviving reputation than has Ranger, his contemporary. The show is a good chance to see them together in some depth and in the company of the painters they inspired and even instructed. The Hassam manner is much more immediately attractive and no doubt it has more solid worth to it. You feel in every Hassam picture the effervescence of the seasons, of the light and air. He has a bubbly quality that is always present, in the church on the green, in a spring view of an Old Lyme pond, in street scenes from New York and Paris.

Ranger is quiet, more meditative. In the established Barbizon manner, he leads you into his painting. You are never dazzled by the surfaces, as you are with Hassam. The foreground is a dark and inviting frame around the lighter distances and the eye naturally follows into the painting, slowly, in stages, reflectively.

Within the general limits of the school, there is endless variety. Gregory Smith saw everything as if on a very dull day. Others worked out their own adaptations of the Hassam sparkle or the Ranger meditation. One of the loveliest and most modest works in the show is a countryside view by Allen Talcott. For me the strongest painter of whom I had known very little before was Chauncey Ryder. The framework is Barbizon, but the centers or background are veils within veils of shimmering mist, hypnotic and charming.

Frank Getlein

Correspondence

The New Republic welcomes communications in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less are most suitable for publication.

Juan Bosch

Sirs:

More on the alleged Bosch-Communist conspiracy: The February 1966 issue of the *Inter-American Labor Bulletin* features an article on recent developments in the Dominican labor movement which approvingly cites "political observers" as follows: "These same observers view the recent expulsions of Angel Miolán, Thelma Frías and Bonaventuro [Buenaventura] Sánchez from the PRD, at the insistence of Bosch, as definitely weakening the party and the party structure, obliging Bosch to seek new alliance with the extreme left." In June 1965, it may be recalled, the *Bulletin's* editor, Andrew C. McLellan, charged that Angel Miolán had met with representatives of the three Communist groups to coordinate military and political action in the revolt. Thus, in June, Miolán was supposedly the manager of the Bosch-Communist alliance; in February, he has become the unfortunate victim of another equally mythical Bosch-Communist alliance. The point is that the AFL-CIO's chief Latin American spokesman has inadvertently exposed his own fable.

Theodore Draper
Stanford, Calif.

Colonel McCormick

Sirs:

Anybody trying to write a balanced account of the life performance by Robert R. McCormick must be prepared to live with hysterical reactions from both his admirers and those who

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suffered at his hands – or thought they did. Just so, I have nothing to say about the rest of Everett Norlander's knee-jerk responses to his own feelings about my effort, *McCormick of Chicago,* but in one particular I have to say that he has made a flatly false statement about me that I cannot let stand.

He says that "argues Waldrop," *The Chicago Tribune's* publication of June 9, 1919, "destroyed the Peace of Versailles, defeated the League of Nations, generated Adolph Hitler, the Second World War and all that has come in its train."

Waldrop argues nothing of the sort, as anybody who can read and understand plain English will see, if he cares to check pages 173-177 of my text. Waldrop argues only that the arguments and accusations of other persons so held. . . .

Frank C. Waldrop
Washington, D. C.

Are Teachers Workers?

Sirs:

I read with interest the note in your February 19 issue entitled "Are Teachers Workers?" The editorial shows the complete ignorance regarding the policy-making structure of the NEA. . . . The NEA basic governing body is a representative assembly. A heavy majority of the members of the representative assembly are classroom teachers.

Aside from any point of view that you may wish to take in your editorials, it is going to be difficult for me to place too much faith in the future editorials in *The New Republic* when facts which could easily have been checked were so distorted.

Lyle W. Ashby
Deputy Executive Secretary
National Education Association

It was refreshing to read your "Are Teachers Workers?" As President of one of the 8,275 local affiliates of the National Education Association let me assure the public at large that Richard Batchelder's (NEA President) denunciation of the American Federation of Teachers on the basis that the AFT "through the indoctrination of pupils and teachers . . . to the labor movement philosophy . . ." aims "to advance the interests of unionism in this country" does not necessarily reflect the views of thousands of NEA members. The truth is the NEA is frightened by the knowledge that teachers in a secret collective bargaining election are voting for the AFT as their bargaining agent, through 70 percent plus members belonged to the NEA affiliate.

In the recent past the NEA paid little attention to the local association and as a general rule supported the administration or local Board of Education against the best interests of the "conscripted" classroom teacher members. There is no question that this practice still continues, particularly in the rural areas. In the urban areas of the country where the practice of conscripted members has all but ceased . . . the NEA has been forced to take on a new look. Unfortunately, the NEA State Affiliate in New York (97,000 members) refuses to reform in the face of the "union tide" and maintains itself as a strictly administrator-dominated organization, which has resulted in the establishment of 22 new teacher union locals on Long Island in the past few years.

Joseph Lubell, President
Farmingdale CTA, Inc.

Shuttle Service

Sirs:

Mr. James Ridgeway's criticism of Eastern Airlines and the CAB ("Eastern's Shuttle Service" January 15) was eloquent and convincing. Eastern's price of $18.00 is way out of line. What Mr. Ridgeway ought to have pointed out is that only naïve, innocent little people who don't know any better get stuck for the whole $18.00. The thing to do is to buy a coach seat on American for $16.12 on the first flight that American has with any available seats in the coach section. Then, you take an Eastern boarding pass, fill it out with instructions to cancel the American seat, and board the Eastern Shuttle. The American ticket, costing $16.12 is accepted on Eastern for the full ($18.00) fare. There are other possible prices. A man next to me on the Washington-New York Shuttle had a $17.10 ticket from Ozark Airlines. But the $16.12 ticket from American is the cheapest. And any ticket is good any time.

David R. Slavitt
Harwick, Mass.

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Out of Business by FTC Order

Sirs:

James Ridgeway's "Out of Business-By FTC Order" (February 12) commented upon the recent FTC decision striking a mortal blow at a Southern California cooperative arrangement among auto parts middlemen.

It is ironic to note a speech of Paul Rand Dixon, Chairman of FTC, given on March 12, 1962 before The Economic Club of Detroit, in which he said: "Combination in one form or another by small firms may be essential to the survival, particularly in those industries characterized by massive aggregates of corporate power."

The US Court of Appeals for the Seventh Circuit thought the comment so ironic that they used it in the *Central Retailer-Owned Grocer Case* as a rationale for reversing an FTC decision attacking a cooperative buying arrangement among Midwest grocers.

Paul M. Lurie
Chicago, Illinois

Miss Camp

Sirs:

Elisabeth Stevens (February 19) has denounced the work of Susan Sontag as dangerous and immoral. She evidently does not think it dangerous and immoral to accuse Miss Sontag of promoting "the assumptions of Fascism." . . .

Miss Stevens impresses me as being intellectually unqualified to judge Miss Sontag's work.

1. She is under the impression that Sontag proposes the hero of her novel, *The Benefactor*, for emulation. She thus does not understand *The Benefactor*.

2. She says Sontag "worships" Michel Leiris' attitude toward his body. In fact, Sontag calls it "disgusting."

3. She says Sontag admires Simone Weil as someone answering to the description of Camp. This can be the result of neither a misreading nor stupidity. It is a lie.

4. She calls Levi-Strauss' *Tristes Tropiques* "an ideally detached literary embalmment of primitive societies in Brazil." I cannot believe she has read Levi-Strauss.

5. She says Sontag delights in the apathetic destruction of Science Fiction

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films. In fact, Sontag calls it "haunting and depressing."

6. She (accusingly) notes that Sontag does not find the hortatory passages of *The Deputy* "playwriting of the highest order." Does Miss Stevens think they are?

But enough. There's plenty more, but how is it possible to engage in an intellectual polemic with someone who is so charged up with the zeal of her "salutary moral awareness" and so distracted by her fantasy about the evil of other people that she cannot accurately report what is in front of her face? Just the same, the next time Miss Stevens attacks interest in the androgyne as fascistic, she ought to glance into some classroom text on Michelangelo. The next time she dismisses art that does not sponsor her "salutary moral awareness" she ought to dip into some Baudelaire, and after that, the bulk of classical literature.

Stephen Koch
New York, N.Y.

When literary discourse falls below a certain level, as it does in Elisabeth Stevens' review of *Against Interpretation* by Susan Sontag, one feels obliged to note the fact. Miss Stevens finds Susan Sontag "only seemingly harmless," and her discourse "shallow and putrescent." She describes her victim as "mouthing an undigested catechism . . . from Jean Genet," and at last turning into a "bloodless sibyl of the Cold War era during which the assumptions of fascism have been resurrected on the seemingly innocuous battle-grounds of literature and art." So far as I can tell, the whole purpose of the review is to show the reviewer, Miss Stevens, as a more moral and more normal person than Susan Sontag. I must say that her style and a curious absence of intellectual content leave me far from convinced of her preeminence over Miss Sontag in any matter whatsoever.

Elizabeth Hardwick
New York, N.Y.

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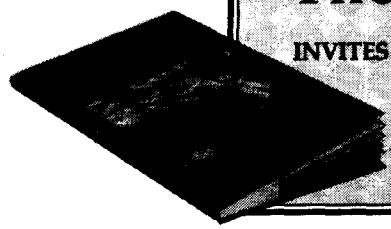
"GOOD ART" or "BAD ART"... what would be *your* judgment?

THE STORM by Pierre Auguste Cot

HERE ARE TWO PAINTINGS, both of the same subject, and both discussed in the first portfolio of the Metropolitan Museum's Seminars in Art program. The one at left was held in the highest critical esteem in the 1880's. Today it would be dismissed by most critics as mawkishly sentimental. The other painting was damned as degenerate in the early part of this century. Now it is considered to be one of the finest examples of expressionist art. If you were unexpectedly asked to judge these paintings, would you be able to express a well-reasoned opinion? Or would you, like so many people, be tongue-tied, fearful of exposing ignorance by making any comment at all? A surprising number of otherwise cultivated persons have a blind spot as far as painting is concerned. Visiting a museum, they stand before a famous work of art and see nothing beyond what the painting is "about"—and frequently they are unsure even of that.

THE TEMPEST by Oskar Kokoschka

Anyone who suffers from this form of bafflement probably never has had the opportunity to take a good art appreciation course at a university or attend a clarifying series of lectures at a museum. It was to remedy this situation that the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York devised an unusual program of *assisted* self-education in the understanding and appreciation of art. The invitation below is made to acquaint you with the thorough nature of the program and with its unique method of learning by comparison among great paintings.



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